



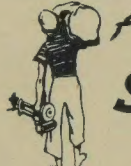
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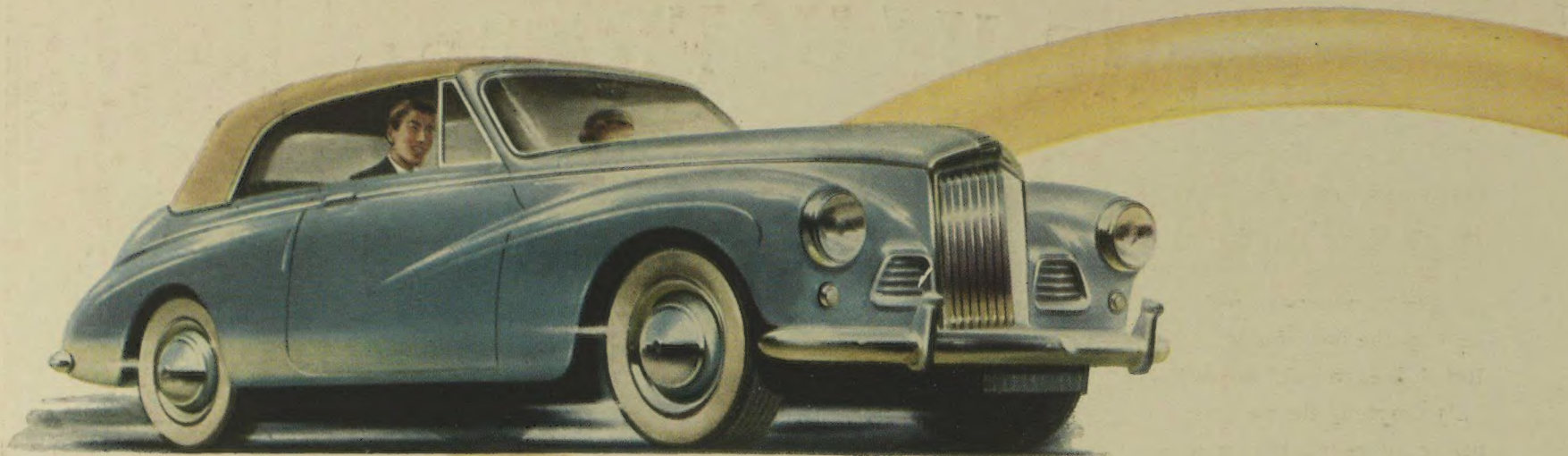
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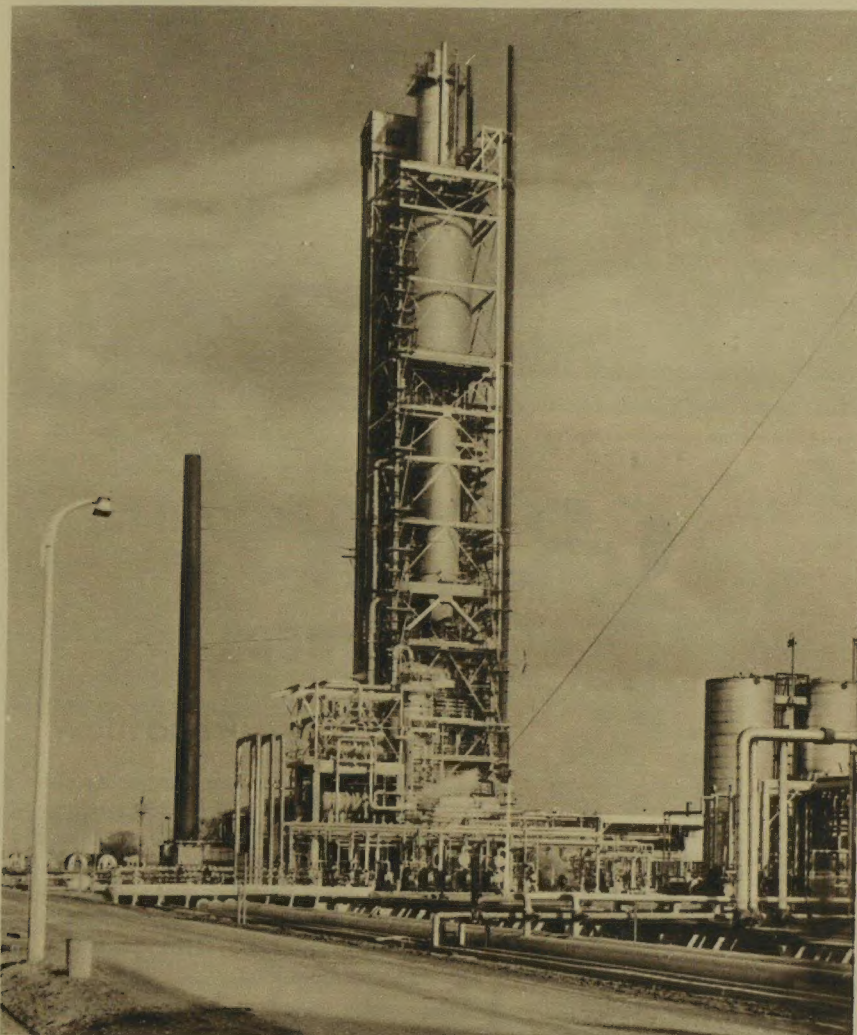
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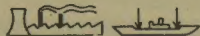
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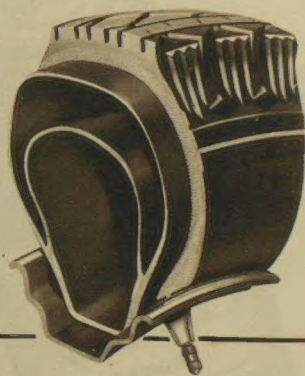
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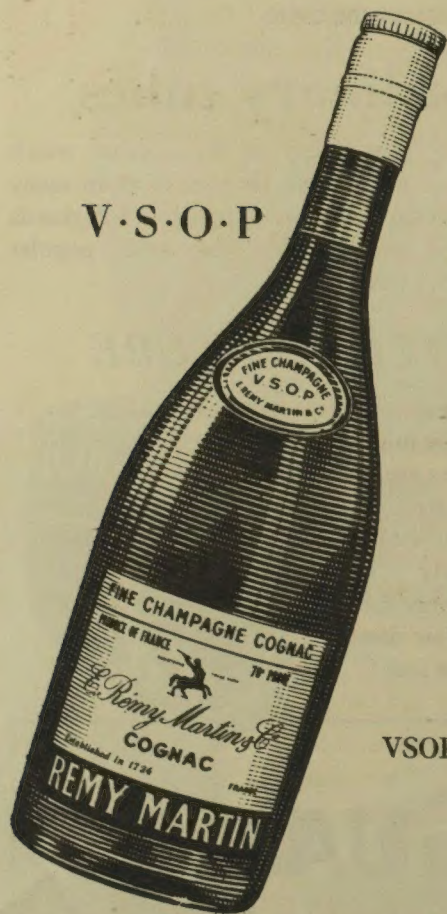
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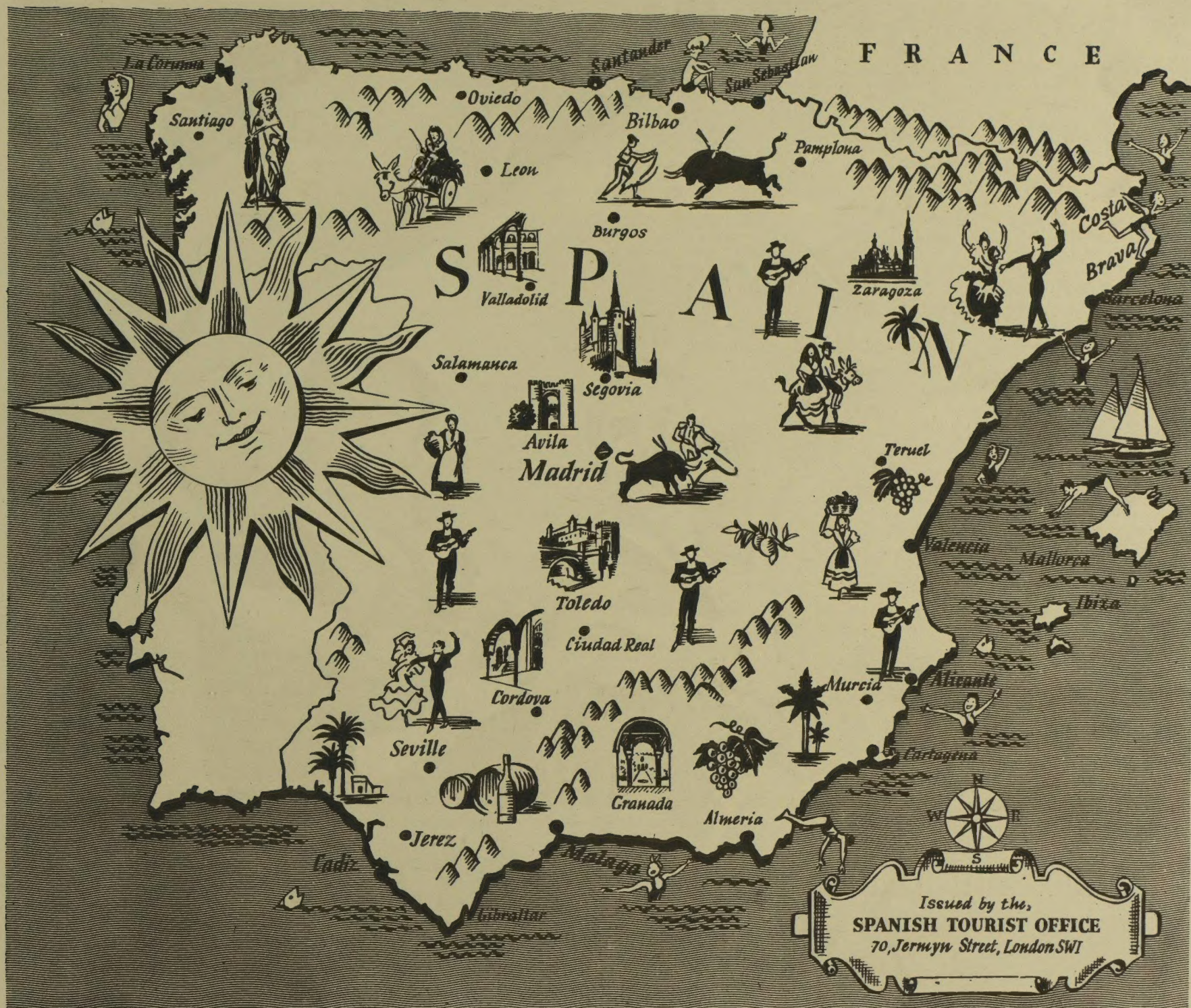
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SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1954.



OFF TO BALMORAL FOR HER FIRST REAL RESPITE FROM OFFICIAL ENGAGEMENTS FOR NEARLY SIX MONTHS: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WITH PRINCESS ANNE, ARRIVING AT EUSTON STATION.

On the evening of May 19 her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, left London for a twelve-day holiday at Balmoral. A crowd of several thousand people cheered as the Royal party arrived at Euston Station. After receiving General Sir Brian Robertson, chairman of the British Transport Commission, and the stationmaster, the Queen walked with her children to the front of the eight-coach train so that the children could see the locomotive.

On the following day the Duke of Edinburgh piloted his own aircraft from Hendon to the R.A.F. station at Edzell, Forfarshire, leaving there by car for Balmoral to join the Queen. A loyal welcome to the Queen on her return to Scottish soil was sent by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to her Majesty on May 20. The telegram expressed the hope that her loyal people of Scotland would afford her every opportunity for rest.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

TELEVISION is still a rather clumsy toy. Its partially-developed technique is at present only in the same stage of development as, say, the motor-car and telephone in the last decade of the nineteenth century or the cinema in the first decade of the twentieth. It presents pictures without colour and, in its wider, more ambitious scenes, without—at any rate, on my modest and probably ill-manipulated set—much stability. Just as in the early films it always seemed to be raining, so on television everyone appears either to be flickering or to be about to flicker! I do not often watch it, but whenever I do I have some difficulty afterwards in focussing my eyes on my work or even on ordinary objects; perhaps the defect is in my eyes, not the instrument. And for certain kinds of spectacle—naval reviews at night, for instance—television seems a most inadequate medium! I watched the Spithead Review last summer with the eye of faith, but unless I had known what I was supposed to be watching, I doubt if I should have guessed what it was. The alternations of black and white dots that symbolised the Fleet lit up at night might equally well have been tadpoles in a tank, or a new process for bleaching cloth, or even the Milky Way. An old-fashioned magic-lantern show—the kind I used to watch as a boy—was more enjoyable and considerably more convincing.

Nor, having from an early age been allergic to parlour games, can I derive much pleasure from the television watcher's present staple diet. I like what Mr. Gilbert Harding says—for he talks sense and has a brave, original mind—but I deplore the medium through which he and his charming but flickering playmates have to express themselves. This, I know, is very anti-social of me, and even downright undemocratic! But I cannot help it. A psychologist would probably trace my distaste for jolly round-games to the day when, on my seventh birthday, I was publicly enjoined—as a "forfeit"—to "speak to the wittiest, bow to the prettiest and kiss the girl I loved the most." At least, that, I think, was the wording of this embarrassing rigmarole. Being very susceptible, I was already in love with a young lady of eight with brown hair and an enormous pink ribbon on the top of it, and the idea of having to kiss this goddess in public and, by doing so, to reveal my secret passion to an unsympathetic family circle was about as repugnant to me then as it would be now to have to appear on the television screen and make a fool of myself by giving silly answers to silly questions in front of half the families in England! I can only view my countrymen's new favourite domestic pastime with a misanthrope's shudder. As for the charming young ladies and charming but not so young gentlemen whose smiling, ingratiating faces are employed to usher in the programmes, it is only with the greatest difficulty that I can be restrained by my household from attacking them and the apparatus on which they appear with the nearest kitchen utensil—for curiously enough it is in the kitchen that the television set in my house is situated. From all which it will be realised that from a scrubby, moody little boy I have grown into a grumpy, unreasonable and tiresome old codger! I am, indeed, only too conscious of the depressing fact.

Yet there is one activity for which television seems almost to have been designed and whose use gives me—and obviously an enormous number of other people—intense pleasure. For communicating Royal occasions to a vast circle of watchers who could not otherwise conceivably witness them, it is an almost ideal instrument. For television is at its best when two conditions are fulfilled: when it is depicting a scene that is both formal and intimate, and when, given these conditions, the actors are unconscious of the television screen and are making no attempt to pose for it and of so introducing that note of forced insincerity which, as in early Victorian photographic groups, is its besetting fault as an artistic medium. And in

a Royal occasion these happy conditions are simultaneously fulfilled. Her Majesty the Queen is the most attractive of all television artists—if one may use that expression of someone who never makes the slightest conscious attempt to pose for the TV camera or appears even aware of its existence. And her Consort, the Duke, is almost as impressive. Whenever the Queen appears on the television screen I can never take my eyes off her for a moment; she has the same unchallengeable ascendancy over the eye and mind of the watcher that Charlie Chaplin had on the cinema screen. This is partly, no doubt, because she is Queen and, to anyone with a grain of imagination, communicates the sense of queenship and of all it symbolises with an artistry which is all the more impressive because it is instinctive and the result of a lifetime of conscious dedication to her high, unique calling. But it is also due in part to the exquisite manners which form part of the Queen's equipment for her task and which contrast so strongly with the forced, over-demonstrative and unnatural manners of most of those who to-day posture professionally in the public eye under the name

of "stars." And it is clearly due even more to the profoundly-felt sincerity with which the Queen carries out her work; she is not acting her love for her people and her dedication to public duty, but living it. Nothing that I have witnessed on the stage has ever moved me so deeply as the Queen's appearance on television during the Coronation ceremony. It was for everyone watching a tremendous experience; thanks to her genius for communicating herself and her feelings, almost, one felt, as great an experience for the watcher as it must have been for the Queen herself. The only occasion on which I can recall being moved in anything like the same degree was after witnessing Randle Ayrton—that great but now forgotten Shakespearean actor—play King Lear.

The televising of the Queen's return from her Commonwealth tour was, like that of the Coronation, a major social act. So was the forty-minutes survey, a night or two afterwards, of the chief scenes in that wonderful global progress of peace and love. It was a deeply moving variation on two themes: the willing, and indeed inspired, dedication of the Queen and her Consort to their task and their splendid, complete mastery of it; and the tremendous and joyous welcome given her by the ocean peoples whom she visited, each welcome set in its own peculiar and infinitely varied beauty. Nothing could have more perfectly illustrated the miracle of that political and social achievement we call the Commonwealth—something even more wonderful, I think, than Imperial Rome and its *Pax Romana*. To watch all this by one's own fireside—or rather, one's own electric stove—left

one with a feeling of profound humility—and gratitude. One had been made a "witness," to quote the words of an Englishman who was poet as well as statesman, "to that which the spirit of confidence and brotherhood can accomplish in the world."

Yet of all the scenes shown on the fireside-screen of the Queen's tour and homecoming, the one that touched me most came quite at the end. It was after the Queen had landed at Westminster Pier and had gone through the long ceremony of receiving the greetings and congratulations of the notables assembled to welcome her. Then, before entering her carriage, she stepped out on to the roadway to face a battalion of her own Regiment—the First, or Grenadier, Regiment of Foot Guards. As she went down the ranks with the commanding officer, one became aware from something in her expression and the carriage of her escort and of every soldier on parade, of the peculiar relationship between the Sovereign and the Brigade of Guards. It was written in the Queen's gentle, proud and serene smile, in the devotion and chivalry of those brave men standing so still, silent and erect before her. It was as though a child had come home—to absolute certainty, absolute confidence and absolute trust.

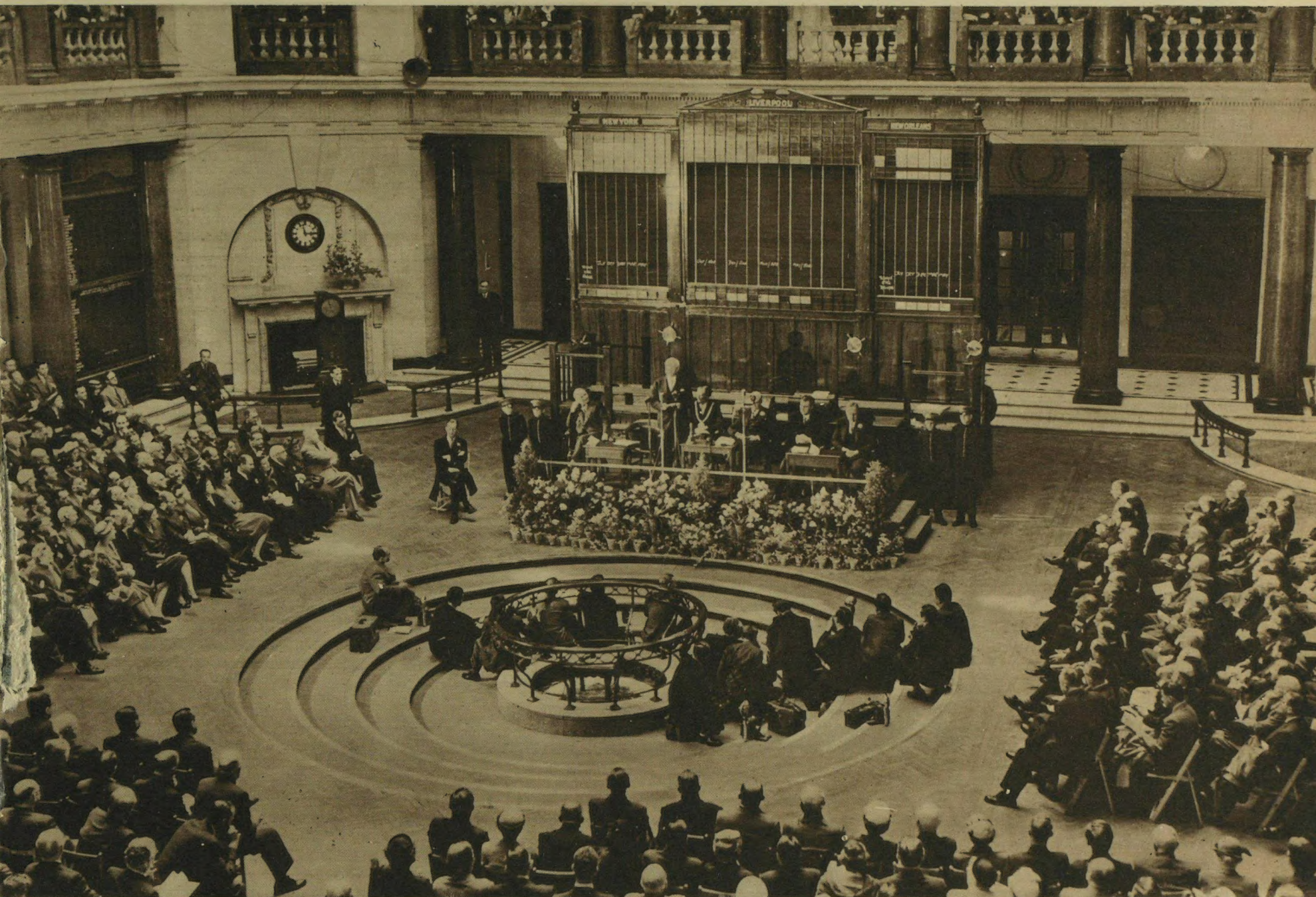
HER MAJESTY AT TEMPLE BAR: THE TRADITIONAL CEREMONY.



TOUCHING THE PEARL SWORD PROFFERED BY THE LORD MAYOR: H.M. THE QUEEN AT TEMPLE BAR DURING HER STATE DRIVE TO MANSION HOUSE.

On May 19 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove in an open State landau to Mansion House to take luncheon as guests of the Lord Mayor in celebration of the successful completion of their Commonwealth tour. At Temple Bar a crimson cord across the road barred the way to the Queen's carriage and the Lord Mayor proffered the pearl sword to her Majesty, who touched it in token of acceptance. In the days when a gate stood at Temple Bar it was formally closed on the approach of the Sovereign, and the herald knocked thrice upon it before it was opened. This was a token of the rights of the City Corporation as against the Sovereign. The ceremony is said to have started in 1588 when Queen Elizabeth I. went to St. Paul's Cathedral to return thanks for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

REOPENED AFTER THIRTEEN YEARS: THE LIVERPOOL COTTON EXCHANGE.



BEFORE TRADING BEGAN: THE SCENE IN THE LIVERPOOL COTTON EXCHANGE AS LORD WOOLTON, CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER, MADE ONE OF THE OPENING SPEECHES.



THE SIGNAL FOR BUSINESS TO START: LORD DERBY RINGING THE BELL WHICH FOR 100 YEARS HAS OPENED BUYING ON THE MARKET.



TRANSACTIONING THE FIRST BUSINESS IN "THE RING": MR. KENTISH BARNES, PRESIDENT OF THE LIVERPOOL COTTON EXCHANGE, BIDDING FOR 100 BALES OF AMERICAN COTTON.

On May 18 the Liverpool Cotton Exchange, which had been closed for thirteen years, was reopened by the Earl of Derby, President of the British Cotton Growers' Association and Lord Lieutenant of Lancaster. Lord Derby rang the bell which for 100 years has opened buying on the market, but which had been silent since 1939. At the sound of the bell, what appeared to be pandemonium to the uninitiated broke out in the market. The president and vice-president of the Liverpool Cotton Association, Mr. A. J. Kentish Barnes and Mr. John Coney,

jumped from their places on the platform, crammed on their top-hats, and transacted the first business in "the ring," which resulted in Mr. Kentish Barnes buying 100 bales of American cotton from Mr. Coney at 31.65d. per lb. Then the general trading started in real earnest as more than fifty buyers and sellers crowded the ring, shouting and gesticulating. Among those at the opening ceremony were Lord Woolton, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Lord Mayor of Liverpool (Ald. W. J. Tristram) and a number of distinguished guests from abroad.

A SEARCHLIGHT ON DEAN SWIFT'S LIFE AND WORKS.

"JONATHAN SWIFT"; By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. MIDDLETON MURRY has probed various people in his life—including Shakespeare, Keats, Blake, D. H. Lawrence, and his rather complicated self. He has now turned his penetrating, and to some extent, scorching, searchlight upon Dean Swift: certainly a problematic man who invites, even if he doesn't repay, examination. He says that he has no "new" material: that isn't necessary, as, on the abundant material available, the Dean of St. Patrick's will always be a subject for investigation and reconsideration. He does his best to defend him.

The matter of defence arises because of Swift's private life—about which, at this time, nobody would have cared two hoots had he not been a famous writer—and his frequent scurrilous obscenity. Macaulay and Thackeray were so disgusted by his grossness, and the flippancy with which he could jest about things human and divine, that they did less than justice to the idealist who lay behind the savage and contemptuous satirist. When irony is a commentator's chief weapon it is easy to mistake him for a cynic, and, in truth, when sneering becomes habitual to a man who starts with the best of intentions he may come to behave precisely as if he were a cynic. Mr. Murry, aware of a certain fundamental Utopianism in Swift, and his possession of a responsive heart—though that *did* bob in and out like the cuckoo in a clock—has been generously prompted to shield him from injustice. But he has not cheated; and, consequently, he has been compelled to confess that, on occasion, Swift the man behaved quite vilely and Swift the satirist wrote quite detestably. His behaviour to women, if in any way they thwarted him, was revolting; he was completely devoid of any chivalrous feeling about the opposite sex; he pitilessly drew from them the amount of support and companionship he felt he needed (and one at least, "Vanessa," wasted a passionate love on him) and he seems to have had a physical revulsion from them which they might pardonably have shared. The Duchess of Somerset, a gentle and intelligent woman, wrote of one of his reckless publications: "I remember we both agreed with you that it was not proper to be made public during my Aunt Essex's life, and I am sure Dr. Swift has too much wit to think it is, which makes his having done it unpardonable and will confirm me in the opinion I had before of him that he is a man of no principle either of honour, or of religion." Her opinion reached his ears, and Mr. Murry is constrained to remark: "The peculiar turpitude of his subsequent attack upon her in *The Windsor Prophecy* is not to be explained either by the compulsions of a desperate political situation, or even by the fact (if indeed it was then apparent) that her influence with the Queen was working against his preferment in England. Some deeper motive is required for a piece of malignity unique even in Swift. It is to be found in the consciousness that he had acted shabbily and disloyally, and the still more galling consciousness that a very great lady knew it, and had judged him accordingly."

He could occasionally behave like an utter cad. So could Byron, but it wasn't a cad who died at Missolonghi. He was probably one of the most conceited men who ever lived: he thought he was the cleverest man of his time. He actually was; other men knew it; the politicians on whom he looked down enjoyed his company and used him as an incomparable pamphleteer; his odd deduction was that they ought, in gratitude, to have made him a Bishop, or at least an English Dean, instead of Dean to a Cathedral in a country where the only people he regarded as civilised were the Anglo-Irish Protestant settlers. An odd sort of Bishop. But here we come to a point. Swift had no affection whatever for the aboriginal Irish, the O's and the Macs; but he became a hero of the Irish because of his fierce attacks upon the English treatment of Ireland, his indignation reaching its height when he suggested that the superfluity of Irish babies should be exported to England as meat. He did feel he ought to be a ruling man. He did feel that it was unfair that he should have

been born without the rank or riches which would have helped him to the eminence for which he was qualified. He did feel conscious of great practical powers pent up within himself: he almost burst with them, and in the end went glaring mad. He certainly was self-centred, and never stopped to think whether there were beams in his own eye while he was wrenching motes out of other people's! But in the presence of a great abuse he could, without dread of damage to himself, write bravely and with a devastating frankness.

Mr. Murry says in his Preface: "I believe that where the materials for the biography of a great writer are available, the study of his life and work do fructify each other, and that to hold them rigorously apart is, very often, to refuse illumination." It may be true of some people, but I don't think I can agree with it as a generalisation: I am glad that we are able to know the quintessential Shakespeare from his works and haven't our image of him lessened by trivial faults and misfortunes and collisions, maladies "most incident to" men. "Chatter about Harriet" was a phrase used concerning books about

those who read it—and they should be many, as it is a vivid, thoughtful and learned book, by an author who has made himself familiar not merely with his parti-coloured hero but with the literary and political life of his time—will be led by it to a perusal of Swift's writings.

There is the man. His verse, slick and fluent, could be dispensed with, at no great loss. Most of it is in octosyllabic couplets, on the "Hudibras" model: the easiest sort of verse to rattle off in English, as Walter Scott and Byron knew when they turned

out their short stories in verse, the only sort of poetry which has ever been popular with the British public. Once he anticipated Ingoldsby: any light measure he could have handled. But his prose is the thing.

When people used to pay compliments to Mr. Bernard Shaw—to his lithe and fluent English, I mean, not to his reach-me-down opinions—they used to compare his prose to Defoe's or Swift's. With Addison, the model from the same era recommended by Dr. Johnson, they did not think of comparing him: Addison, gentle and refined and degrees removed from a combative journalist, had little in common with him but clarity, the dominant characteristic of the literature of Queen Anne's Age.

The standard of Swift may always be referred to: how it flows!

Mr. Murry says that the first parts of "Gulliver's Travels" are the best: and certainly there is enormous fun in Gulliver being a Giant among the Dwarfs and a Dwarf in the Kingdom of the Giants, where the poor little man, though surrounded by very kind giants and giantesses, longed to be "among people with whom I could converse on equal terms, and walk about the streets and fields without fear of being trod to death like a frog or a young puppy," and where: "I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking alone, and thinking of poor England."

But there is fun throughout the book, as there is throughout all the most ephemeral writings of this strangest of clergymen. In Laputa there was a school of projectors. "In the school of projectors I was but ill entertained, the professors appearing in my judgment wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employment persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild impossible chimæras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed in me the old observation, that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth."

One of his publishers said that Swift had "no other Aim but to reform the Errors of both Sexes." That is certainly a very lofty Aim. But he was so conscious of the "errors" of his fellow-humans, so much "the only one in step" that he tended to overlook his own.

This excellent monograph is the last book about Swift I shall read; I shall merely return to Swift's major works, forget his ordure and forget his private life—though Harley and Arbuthnot liked him. If I do, in spite of that assertion, read another book about Swift I hope that it will have an Index!

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 928 of this issue.

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RECENTLY FOUND BELOW THE FLOOR OF THE BOMBED MERCERS' CHAPEL IN CHEAPSIDE: AN EARLY RENAISSANCE FIGURE OF CHRIST OF OUTSTANDING AND MOVING BEAUTY



DAMAGED BUT WITH ITS TRAGIC BEAUTY UNIMPAIRED: THE HEAD OF THE STATUE OF THE DEAD BODY OF CHRIST.

As recently as April 30, workmen clearing the site of the bombed Mercers' Chapel in Cheapside, in the City of London, discovered a statue of Christ which has been described as "certainly one of the major archaeological finds made in London during this century." The statue, an early Renaissance figure of outstanding and moving beauty, was found below the floor of the chapel, against the east wall of the middle vault, just south of the central line of the building. The slab, 6 ft. 5½ ins. long and 2 ft. 3 ins. wide, was lying on its side, with the head to the north. In describing the find in an article in *The Times* on May 19, Dr. Joan Evans, Director of the Society of Antiquaries, and Mr. Norman Cook, Keeper of the Guildhall Museum, write: "The sculpture, carved apparently in Bath stone, while still Gothic in feeling, seems on stylistic grounds to be of the first quarter of the sixteenth century. The first indications of Renaissance influence may be seen in the treatment of some of the drapery."—Traces of colour show that the statue, which represents the dead body of Christ, lying flat on a rough bier, was originally painted. Although the figure has suffered some damage, its essential beauty is unimpaired.

Shelley: I once read a life of Shelley which didn't quote a single line of his verse. I wondered as I finished Mr. Murry's book as to what proportion of

* "Jonathan Swift: A Critical Biography." By John Middleton Murry. With a Frontispiece. (Jonathan Cape; 30s.)



A SOUVENIR OF BRITANNIA'S MAIDEN VOYAGE: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THEIR CHILDREN ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT, WITH MEMBERS OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY. VICE-ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD M. C. ABEL SMITH IS SEATED TO THE LEFT OF THE DUKE OF CORNWALL; CAPTAIN DALGLISH TO THE RIGHT OF PRINCESS ANNE.



BEING TOWED STERN-FIRST FROM THE POOL OF LONDON TO THE LOWER POOL OFF SHADWELL BASIN, EN ROUTE FOR PORTSMOUTH: "THE SPLENDID YACHT BRITANNIA," WHICH BROUGHT THE ROYAL FAMILY SAFELY BACK TO THE POOL OF LONDON ON MAY 15 AT THE CLOSE OF THE COMMONWEALTH TOUR.

BRITANNIA'S MAIDEN VOYAGE ENDED: THE ROYAL FAMILY WITH THE SHIP'S COMPANY; AND THE YACHT LEAVING THE THAMES.

The group of the Royal family in *Britannia* shows the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh seated with their children, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, in the centre of the massed ranks of members of the ship's company. Vice-Admiral Sir Edward M. C. Abel Smith, K.C.V.O., Flag Officer Royal Yachts, who was in command of the Royal Tour liner *Gothic*, and took over command of *Britannia* at Tobruk when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh embarked in her, is seated to the left of the Duke of Cornwall; and Captain Dalglish, who commanded *Britannia* on the outward half of her maiden voyage—to Tobruk—with

the Royal children on board, is seated to the right of Princess Anne. Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Abel Smith received the accolade at the Investiture which the Queen held in *Britannia* on May 15. In her speech at the Mansion House luncheon on May 19 the Queen spoke of "the splendid yacht *Britannia* of which we are both so proud." *Britannia*, having brought the Royal family safely back to the Pool of London on May 15, left her moorings at Battle Bridge Tier on May 19. She was towed stern-first by three "Sun" tugs to the Lower Pool off Shadwell Basin, where she was swung and headed for Portsmouth, her base.



WEMBLEY STADIUM PACKED TO OVERFLOWING WITH AN AUDIENCE OF 120,000 FOR THE FINAL MEETING OF MR. BILLY GRAHAM'S GREATER LONDON



CRUSADE ON MAY 22: THE ASTONISHING SCENE, WITH THOUSANDS STREAMING FORWARD IN ANSWER TO THE CALL TO MAKE THEIR "DECISIONS FOR CHRIST."



MR. BILLY GRAHAM SPEAKING AT THE WHITE CITY ON MAY 21 BEFORE PROCEEDING TO WEMBLEY STADIUM: THE AMERICAN EVANGELIST ADDRESSED A GATHERING OF 67,000 PEOPLE, A SECTION OF WHOM ARE SHOWN.

THE FINALE OF MR. BILLY GRAHAM'S GREATER LONDON CRUSADE, AT WHICH THE ARCHBISHOP OF

White City; and it has been estimated that during the course of the Crusade his audiences have totalled 1,700,000. At Wembley he arrived with the Archbishop of Canterbury and they moved together towards the rostrum, where leaders of a number of religious denominations were seated. In the course of his speech Mr. Graham said: "I have one request before I leave. The past twelve weeks

have been the most wonderful and thrilling weeks I have ever known in my life. I am going to ask you to promise to be in church to-morrow morning and evening. . . . I may be saying farewell, but in thousands of churches to-morrow the real crusade begins." In response to his appeal to people to come forward and "make their decisions for Christ," thousands moved forward over the specially-



MR. BILLY GRAHAM AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, PRIMATE WITH DR. FISHER (CENTER) AND (RIGHT) THE REV. E. BENSON



OF ALL ENGLAND: THE AMERICAN EVANGELIST AT WEMBLEY STADIUM, TERKINS, MODERATOR OF THE FREE CHURCH FEDERAL COUNCIL.



MR. BILLY GRAHAM SPEAKING AT WEMBLEY, WITH LISTENING (RIGHT TO LEFT), THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, THE BISHOP OF BARKING, MAJOR-GENERAL WILSON HASSELDEN AND DR. PAUL REES.

CANTERBURY GAVE THE BENEDICTION: HUGE AUDIENCES AT WEMBLEY AND AT THE WHITE CITY.

built bridges and across the football field until the whole area of grass roped-off for the purpose before the platform was filled. The 2000 Counsellors then took names and addresses. At the end of the meeting the Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the Benediction and offered a short prayer "for what had been planned and thought and attempted and done through the work of this mission."

IN ENGLAND AND IN SCOTLAND: TWO IMPORTANT CEREMONIES.



ON PLYMOUTH HOE: THE SCENE AS H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET UNVEILED THE NAVAL WAR MEMORIAL TO THOSE WHO DIED IN WORLD WAR II. AND WHOSE ONLY GRAVE IS THE SEA.

On May 20 Princess Margaret visited Plymouth and unveiled on Plymouth Hoe the last of the naval war memorials to those who died in World War II, and have no grave but the sea. The memorial, like those previously unveiled at Chatham and Portsmouth, is an extension designed by Sir Edward Maufe, R.A., to the monument with which the Imperial War Graves Commission honoured the naval dead of World

War I. At Plymouth the memorial includes among the 15,600 names on its new bronze panels those of members of the naval forces of Commonwealth territories overseas. More than 20,000 people, including about 13,000 relatives, had travelled from all over Britain to be present at the unveiling ceremony, at which the Bishop of Exeter dedicated the memorial.



AT THE OPENING SESSION OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND: THE LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER, THE DUKE OF HAMILTON, MAKING HIS ADDRESS.

At the opening session of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in Edinburgh on May 18, the Lord High Commissioner, the Duke of Hamilton, addressed a crowded Assembly. He made an appeal to those whose lives are still largely before them to give service to the Church now, in the full vigour of their youth. Not only was there a full attendance of members, but in the Throne Gallery sat his Excellency the

French Ambassador, M. René Massigli, and deputations from the Town Councils of Edinburgh and other Scottish cities. In thanking the Duke of Hamilton, the new Moderator, the Rev. Ernest D. Jarvis, said that the Assembly was greatly honoured that his Grace was once again her Majesty's Commissioner, and that his address had struck a responsive chord in their minds and hearts.

MR. BEVAN: "The Prime Minister has promised that he will answer this question [on defence in South-East Asia] next Monday. Can we take it for granted that her Majesty's Government will not commit themselves to any proposal until we have first had an opportunity of discussing it in this House?" Sir Winston Churchill: "No, I certainly could not make any such undertaking. The responsibility in these matters always rests with the Government of the day."

Questions and answers in this form are familiar. They relate to many features of foreign affairs. The answers to such questions are always similar. The Government must in the day-to-day conduct of policy bear and use the responsibility which it has obtained from the electorate. It can, and ought to, see that the electorate is familiar with at least the general lines of its policy, and the electorate can, and ought to, take an interest in that policy. Yet great differences in the level of the interest take place with the progress of time and in accordance with the nature of the policy under review. Since the day of Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister, to go back no further, the nation has become better educated, but the electorate, owing to its enormous expansion, has become less so. It is capable of understanding a question such as German rearmament, which is relatively simple. German rearmament, it is true, causes sharp differences of opinion, but that is not because it is complex, but because the consequences are a subject of disagreement even among the best-instructed. The electorate has not the slightest notion about where the importance of South-East Asia lies.

It might be expected that, since they depend upon the support of the new electorate, vast, amorphous, uncertain in its sympathies, half-educated, and in a certain proportion bordering on illiteracy, Governments would take far greater pains to instruct them and explain to them the main factors under discussion in the world of international politics. They do not do so, presumably because their members, and even their parliamentary supporters who do not hold office, are denied the time by the increased pressure of work. The by-election is an episode of bustle and ballyhoo, in which home politics take pride of place and speeches often resolve themselves into a series of conflicting promises, bribery within the law, but, in fact, more dangerous than that practised with cash and liquor in the old days. The great political speeches are fewer rather than more frequent, more conventional rather than franker and more practical. With a few exceptions, the Press which is read by the mass of the people does little to fill the gap left by the politicians. That part of the Press which does treat problems intelligently is not read by the mass, and would not be understood if it were.

As has been suggested, the electorate is able to understand simple questions, when it bothers to do so, but not difficult ones, such as that of South-East Asia. Yet, in default of knowledge, it may sometimes be strangely moved by sentiment or prejudice. Then it is sometimes strong enough to kill a policy to which it has taken more or less instinctive dislike or to ruin the Government which persists in it. Here is, very briefly, the background against which the present problem in South-East Asia has come upon the stage. It so happens, unfortunately, that United States policy is simultaneously going through a period of weakness. The State Department under Republican control has not settled down to smooth and consistent working. It is apt to speak too soon after too little reflection. It has changed its mind—which matters not at all—and blurted out the changes—which is a grave mistake—on the subject of Indo-China. By so doing it has aroused doubts and anxieties which would not have appeared had it made a calm and considered statement of policy and then stuck to that.

When military planners and students describe Indo-China as a strategic key-point in South-East Asia, they do not confine this description to military strategy. They are thinking in terms of its neighbours,

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

DEMOCRACY AND POLICY.

By **CYRIL FALLS,**

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

China and Siam; of its slightly more distant neighbour, Malaya; of its rice crop; and of the consequences to the whole area and to the Pacific of its domination by political as well as military Communism. The conquest of all Indo-China by the Viet Minh, and the setting up of a Communist régime in it, might not lead immediately to sensational results—if it did not, the uninitiated mass would conclude that it had been right in feeling there had been a great deal of fuss about nothing. The first unhappy consequence to appear would probably be a general disruption of trade, which would particularly affect the interests of the British Commonwealth. The second would be an unfortunate influence on Malaya, now nearly pacified and winning its struggle with terrorism.

Next would probably follow a strictly strategic success for Communism, by which it would acquire new territory suitable for military bases a thousand miles south of any that it at present possesses. Russia has already been reinforced by the Communisation and rearmament of China to a greater extent than by the acquisition of European satellites, though the European are more definitely under her thumb than the Asian. Asian Communism, whether or not it obeys Russian

their history they have been subjected to a grave threat in their own ocean, and they have not forgotten it. Their own forces are weak—weaker, if I may venture to say so, than they should be—and they cannot find even relative security without the aid of others.

The former threat came from the Japanese Navy, after its air arm had put out of action the United States Fleet at Pearl Harbour. It may be that great armadas will not again sail the Pacific, but the power of aircraft—and of what they carry—has grown immensely during the past twelve years. The difficulties of a pact are political, and they do not relate only to foreign politics. For the first time since the war one of the two main British political parties, that which is at present in Opposition, is split through on the subject of South-East Asia. This split may not involve the whole question of defence policy, but it would not have to spread very far to do so. The strength of the dissidence cannot yet be estimated, and the volume of dissidence is apt to shrink when the show-down comes. Yet, taking into account the ignorance of the issues, with a consideration of which I prefaced this article, it becomes clear that the British Government has a difficult path to follow.

Whatever line it takes, whatever results it achieves, whether or not anything of value comes out of the Geneva Conference, it seems to me that the time has come to address itself more directly to the people, not only through the medium of parliamentary debate or question and answer. I have little belief in the ideal of "open covenants openly arrived at" because the old-fashioned diplomacy can still achieve better results.

I do, however, believe that the public needs to have the results, and the aims if the results fall short of them, clearly explained to it. Sometimes this course is beset with risk. Sometimes the Governments of democracies have to tell them more than they care to, in view of the fact that other ears are wide open. In the war this was so strongly felt that we probably told our own people openly more about this kingdom's affairs than our Russian allies told our Prime Minister about theirs. What we risked then we could risk now, since the need for public support is great and the problem is so little understood.

It is the course of the war in Indo-China and the disaster of Dien Bien Phu which have made the situation of South-East Asia assume a sudden increase of importance and brought it under wider discussion. Yet Indo-China is not all South-East Asia, and the need for peace and security in that wide region has always been in the background. It would have existed,

though not in such acute form, had the war gone more favourably. Few people realise even now that in some ways the Chinese intervention in Indo-China was as dramatic as that in Korea. Earlier the Chinese had done little more than keep the Viet Minh pot boiling. Suddenly, on a signal, vast quantities of modern arms and equipment were poured in. In a flash the defenders of Dien Bien Phu and the French Commander-in-Chief at Hanoi were confronted with a new kind of war. It may be that the French Intelligence Service was at fault, but that, for the moment, is beside the point. The aspect to be considered is the sudden and complete change, and the sinister possibilities which it represents.

In short, the general public does not understand policy in South-East Asia. It is necessary that it should be given the fullest opportunity to understand it, because otherwise it may shy off and treat as war-mongering a form of policy which is, in fact, pursued in the interests of peace. This is not an occasion when the prowess of the information officer is called for, but rather that of members of the Government. Goodness knows, most of them are hard-worked, but this is a time when their intervention is important. The issues are far-reaching—when I wrote that Australia and New Zealand might be inclined to follow an American lead in default of one from Britain, I was striving to indicate how far-reaching they might be. The people of this country generally take a sensible view in foreign policy when they know the facts.

A FINE WORK IN THE KENSINGTON ARTISTS' THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION.



"THE PASSING STORM"; BY ALGERNON NEWTON, R.A., NOW ON EXHIBITION AT LEIGHTON HOUSE ART GALLERY, HOLLAND PARK ROAD.

The works on view at the Third Annual Exhibition of the work of Kensington artists, which opened recently at the Leighton House Art Gallery, include this very fine example of the distinguished art of Mr. Algernon Newton, R.A., whose paintings of the English countryside, and "townscapes" of urban scenery, streets, squares, canals and other germane subjects are so well known. Mr. Algernon Newton, who was elected a Royal Academician in 1943, is represented by five paintings in this year's R.A. exhibition at Burlington House, one of which, "The Cumulus Cloud," was reproduced in our issue of May 1. The exhibition at Leighton House Art Gallery will continue until June 5. Works by Mr. Algernon Newton have been purchased by the Tate Gallery (Chantry Bequest), and by leading public galleries in this country and in the United States, Australia and New Zealand.

behests, is a new world force of immense magnitude. That peril which came to the last German Emperor as a fantastic dream, is a reality now. Its effects upon the future of mankind can still only be guessed at, but it is safe to foretell that for many years to come they will be very great. All this, however, does not exhaust the consequences. Were there to occur one of those revolts in the British electorate of which I have spoken, the United States and the United Kingdom might go their several ways in the Far East. If they did, Australia and New Zealand might be inclined to follow that of the United States, rather than that of Britain. This is speculation, but not a mere phantom of the imagination.

At the time of writing, the United States Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, is trying to create a security pact for South-East Asia, including Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia. It cannot be doubted that such a pact would fall in with the principles of the British military chiefs. As I have often pointed out, this area represents a wide gap in the defence system. From India, Mr. Nehru is asking by what right a defence system which he describes as essentially American and European should be extended to Asia, which has not asked for it and does not want it. This is a good debating point, but, in fact, the British Commonwealth has a deep interest in the question and a right to support it. Malaya is close at hand; Borneo not far away; and Australia and New Zealand, which are Pacific States, though European in blood, are conscious that the matter affects them. For the first time in



SHIPS WILL BE ABLE TO SAIL FROM THE HEART OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT TO THE ATLANTIC.

there exists a continuous waterway, over 2000 miles long, between the head of Lake Superior and Montreal in the 115-mile stretch between Prescott (Ontario) and Montreal there are a series of canals built to circumnavigate the various rapids in the river itself, which have a depth of only 14 ft. It is proposed, therefore, to deepen these canals to 27 ft., thus removing the only important remaining obstacle to deep water navigation along the whole 2000-mile stretch. The other main obstacles to navigation in the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence system were the Niagara Falls and the rapids at Sault St. Marie. The former was overcome by the construction of the

2,200,000 h.p., to be divided equally between Canada and the United States. It will also be possible to increase power production at Beauharnois, in the Soulanges Section; and to create a source of 1,200,000 h.p. adjacent to the large industrial area around Montreal. Canada could, of course, have deepened the canals in the St. Lawrence to 27 ft. without U.S. co-operation. But this would not have been economical: it is a more conservative estimate that the U.S. would have been able to dam the river at a practicable method of providing depth is to dam the river at a suitable point, and damming a boundary water cannot be undertaken without international agreement.



CONSTRUCTED MERELY OF TWISTED ROPES OF BAMBOO SWINGING HIGH ABOVE THE WATER: A BRIDGE OVER THE ARUN RIVER, WITH A SHERPA CROSSING IT.



A LOOSE SCRUM: VILLAGERS OF KHANDBARI PLAYING "RUGGER" WITH A BALL PRODUCED BY MEMBERS OF THE NEW ZEALAND ALPINE CLUB HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION.



CROSSING INTO THE BARUN VALLEY BY A 13,000-FT. PASS OVER THE RIDGE BETWEEN THE ISWA AND BARUN RIVERS: BAREFOOTED COOLIES, HEAVILY LADEN WITH EXPEDITION GEAR AND SUPPLIES.



STANDING OUTSIDE A SHELTER ERECTED ON THE ROCK-FACE: SIR EDMUND HILLARY, LEADER OF THE NEW ZEALAND ALPINE CLUB HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION, DURING THE CLIMB UP THE BARUN VALLEY.

MOUNTAINEERING IN AN AREA OF UNCLIMBED PEAKS AND UNEXPLORED GLACIERS: THE NEW ZEALAND ALPINE CLUB EXPEDITION TO THE NEPAL HIMALAYA, LED BY SIR EDMUND HILLARY.

It is not generally realised that of the many thousands of peaks in the Himalaya of over 20,000 ft. in height only a very small percentage have been successfully ascended. Consequently, this year an expedition, sponsored by the New Zealand Alpine Club and led by Sir Edmund Hillary, gathered at Jogbani, on the Indian-Nepalese border, on the first stage of a journey to this wonderful area of unclimbed peaks and unexplored glaciers. The members of this expedition, in addition to its leader, are Dr. Michael Ball (the expedition's physician),

Mr. William Beaven, Dr. Charles Evans, Mr. Norman Hardie, Mr. Geoffrey Harrow, Mr. George Lowe, Mr. Jim McFarlane, Mr. Colin Todd and Mr. Brian Wilkins. The expedition was joined by twenty Sherpas under the stalwart Dawa Tensing, one of the great Sherpa Tensing's best men; and, with enough coolies to carry its equipment, arrived on April 6 at the village of Khandbari. Three days later, with 130 new coolies, the expedition moved on towards Sedua, which it reached on April 12 after having crossed the Arun and Kasuwa rivers over two very



15,500 FT. UP IN THE BARUN VALLEY: TENTS OF THE EXPEDITION'S BASE CAMP ESTABLISHED ON APRIL 22. TOWERING ABOVE IS THE GREAT PEAK OF MAKALU, 27,790 FT. HIGH, TWENTY MILES TO THE EAST OF EVEREST.

Continued.
rickety bridges. At Sedua the party divided into three. Evans and Harrow, with six Sherpas and three weeks' supplies of food, were to explore the Choyang Valley. They were then to try to cross from its head into the Hongu Valley and from there reconnoitre the approaches to Chamlang and Amadablam, finally returning to the Barun. Lowe, Hardie, Beaven and Todd planned to enter the Iswa Valley, which drains the enormous south face of Chamlang. They hoped to explore and map all this valley and to reconnoitre the two formidable ridges of Chamlang which descend into it. They would then try to cross to the Barun by a pass over the high and difficult range in between. The third party—McFarlane, Wilkins, Ball and Hillary—having the bulk of the expedition's equipment, had the task of getting the majority of it into the Barun Valley. They also hoped to explore thoroughly the upper Barun Glacier, to map it accurately and to reconnoitre the approaches to some of the great peaks in this area. On April 16 this third party, with 22 Sherpas and 14 coolies, left Sedua and started relaying the loads across the 13,000-ft. pass into the Barun Valley. Steep and extensive snowfields had to be crossed, and although some of the coolies from Sedua were barefooted they treated with scorn the suggestion that they should be left behind. The party soon reached about 13,000 ft., pitched a tent and dumped the loads. McFarlane (who was later injured), Ball and two Sherpas remained there while the rest returned down the ridge. By April 19 Hillary, Wilkins and their porters had moved all the loads up to the 13,000-ft. dump. Then began the task of getting their 38 men over the pass into the Barun. This they did by April 22 and established their base camp at a height of 15,500 ft.

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STUDYING THE MIGHTY HIMALAYAN PEAKS FROM THE ROCK-STREWN BARUN VALLEY: SIR EDMUND HILLARY, AFTER ESTABLISHING BASE CAMP AT A HEIGHT OF 15,500 FT. OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION ARE EXPLORING THE ISWA AND CHOYANG VALLEYS.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

PRIMROSES AND PRIMULAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IT is mid-May, and already, alas, the primroses and the polyanthus primroses are past their best. So, too, are most of the other primulas

of European origin—*Primula marginata* and its various forms and hybrids, the garden auriculas, and all the race of delightful hybrids known roughly, vaguely and collectively as the *pubescens* hybrids. Primula "Mrs. Wilson" is typical of these *pubescens* hybrids, and others of the clan are "The General," "Barbara Barker," "Ladybird" and "Faldonside."

This spring I have flowered a most interesting and exciting batch of *pubescens* hybrids. They were seedlings, flowering for the first time, and the result of crosses which I had made two years ago. There were three selected seed parents, potted up and grown in my cold greenhouse. One of them was a good hearty, border auricula, with mealy leaves, a strong constitution, and heads of pale-lavender-blue flowers. They were too pale to please me entirely. My aim here was a seedling with the strong constitution and mealy leaves of this seed parent, but with flowers of finer quality and a better colour—a stronger, more definite lavender-blue. So a few of the pale blossoms were mated with pollen from a plant with deep pure violet flowers. The other two crosses were made in much the same way, but with parents on both sides well within the *pubescens* race. Parents, both male and female, were chosen on account of certain attributes—colour, habit, quality, constitution—with a view to perhaps combining such attributes in the offspring. These proceedings were all highly haphazard and unscientific, and I only made the briefest notes of parentage on the labels of the seed-bearing plants. It seemed to me little use keeping elaborate records and pedigrees of plant parents of such mixed ancestry as these auricula and *pubescens* hybrids. Each one of them was a bastard, and descended, during the last hundred years or so, from an unbroken line of bastards. No, I planned my crossings on hunch, coupled with a certain amount of past experience in breeding these plants. Having harvested the seeds, I mixed the three lots together, labelled them "Mixed Muck," and sowed the lot in a pan. Later, the seedlings were pricked out into seed boxes, and eventually, last summer, I planted all but a couple of dozen or so in an open bed on the north side of a stone barn. The few that were not planted out were too small to go out into the world. I pricked them off into a pan to do a little growing in comfort and safety. Most, but not all of the three dozen or so which were planted out have flowered this spring, and among them are some extremely promising plants. The general level of quality and colour is high. Two have the clear lavender-blue auricula flowers, with round, snow-white centres that I aimed at. But, of course, their habit and constitution have still to be proved. Several show distinct signs of "Zuleika Dobson" ancestry, and two, which I very nearly got rid of because their central eyes were not as clearly defined as I like, got a reprieve when they startled me at a range of 20 or 30 yards by shining out among all the rest with a strikingly rich ruby-red. Meanwhile, the dozen or two backward seedlings have grown into sizeable plants, and should flower well next year. But they will not flower here. I posted them off to my daughter, who gardens in the Isle of Wight, and there I hope they will do what a similar batch of seedlings of my raising did about forty years ago. I made just such a set of *Primula pubescens* crosses and raised a pan of seedlings. Being very under-staffed, at the time, and greatly over-stocked with experimental plants, I gave this pan of seedlings to a friend, a keen

amateur gardener. A few months later, however, I found those seedling primula hybrids still in their pan in my friend's garden, untouched, unpricked out, and crowding one another to death. Too bad.

I rescinded the gift, took the pan home, and pricked out the youngsters in my own garden. Later, amongst the first of those seedlings to flower was one which was by far the most beautiful and sensational hybrid primula I ever raised. I named it "Zuleika Dobson." But, alas, shattering though Zuleika's blossoms were, rich mauve and only a fraction under 2 ins. in diameter,

history will repeat itself, with a super-Zuleika seedling cropping up among them next spring.

In a recently published book, "Primroses and Polyanthus," by Roy Genders and H.C. Taylor (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.), which I have been reading, I came upon a story very near that of my pan of *Primula pubescens* seedlings—given away, taken back, and then producing an outstanding treasure. Let me quote from the chapter Named Varieties of Double Primroses: "Buxton's Blue, 1901, but first shown at a R.H.S. Show in 1935, to be named 'Mrs. E. C. Buxton'; later given its present name. We quote from a letter very recently written to us by Mr. E. Hugh Buxton: 'The history of it is this. A great-uncle of mine who lived at Bettws-y-Coed was planting out a bed of single light-blue primroses. He had a few plants over and told his wife to throw them away. Instead, she planted them in the kitchen garden, and next year, walking round together, they found one which was double, which flourished. . . . It is a pure turquoise blue.' I knew Mr. E. C. Buxton, the raiser of 'Buxton's Blue,' and once visited his interesting garden at Bettws-y-Coed, though I did not then see his double blue primrose. I was, however, given a plant of it years later—a most beautiful thing, which flourished extremely well in my garden for a time. I lost it, however, through my own silly fault. All who saw 'Buxton's Blue' admired it, and I gave bits of it away until I was left with a mere scrap, which gave up the unequal struggle with my excessive generosity, and died, I feel sure, of sheer discouragement.

The double primroses vary enormously in their willingness to grow and flower, and in the garden conditions which they will tolerate. A few fortunate folk seem to manage to grow the rare and lovely crimson variety "Mme. de Pompadour." Personally, I have failed with it, utterly and miserably, time after time. The authors of "Primroses and Polyanthus" quote from an early authority in the cultivation of "Mme. de Pompadour" as follows: "What a lovely one is this! It is getting very scarce; but if it be constantly divided, supplied with liberal top-dressings

of well-rotted manure and leaf-mould mixed, all through the summer, and well watered, it will increase rapidly." I wonder! My son has tried "Mme. de Pompadour" here, and has given it conditions and comforts which one would have thought would please the most fastidious of primroses. His plants may be still alive. But I doubt it. Any way, I have not yet seen the glowing blaze of crimson velvet of which the plant is capable. The double white primrose, on the other hand, is flourishing magnificently in a nursery bed of strong loam in his garden, and the clumps have been smothered with dense masses of blossom. The white of the double white primrose seems to be whiter than any single primrose that I have ever seen.

The book "Primroses and Polyanthus" is well worth studying, for it gives a great deal of practical advice on the cultivation of these brilliant and beautiful plants, advice mostly founded upon the personal experience of the authors. The advice for growing the double crimson "Mme. de Pompadour" quoted from an earlier writer is of less certain value. The old author starts by saying that the plant is

"getting very scarce," and ends by saying that if his method of cultivation is followed, the plant "will increase rapidly." But the fact remains that "Mme. de Pompadour" is still an extremely rare plant, which seems to be content to flourish and flower superbly in a few, a very few, gardens, under conditions for which no one seems to know the formula. Constant division, top-dressings of well-rotted manure and leaf-mould, and copious watering. No, it's not as simple as all that.



THE MINIATURE POLYANTHUS PRIMROSE "FAIR MAID": WITH BLOOMS OF VIVID ORANGE-RUST AND UNIQUE DOUBLE YELLOW CENTRES.

This, with other stalked-form *Julia* primroses, has been used in America to produce a race of miniature polyanthus, suitable for cultivation in window-boxes.



ONE OF THE FAMOUS OLD DOUBLE PRIMROSES: "ARTHUR DU MOULIN"; PALE PURPLISH LILAC, VERY FREE FLOWERING ON POLYANTHUS STEMS, AND ONE OF THE EARLIEST DOUBLES TO FLOWER.

Although considered one of the more difficult double primroses, this variety is one of the few to produce pollen, and consequently has been widely used as a pollen parent in producing new double varieties. It is thought to have come to England from the Continent in the 1870's.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Primroses and Polyanthus," by Roy Genders and H. C. Taylor; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Faber and Faber, Ltd.

the plant had a miserably weak constitution. I gave specimens of it to a few friends, but no one ever managed to infuse vigour or a will-to-flourish into the plant, and as far as I know not a single specimen of Zuleika exists to-day. But certain of the plant's progeny are still about, and are unmistakable to any who knew the original. There is a second or third generation Zuleika blood in some of the hybrid seedlings that I have sent to my daughter, so perhaps



THE CITY'S WELCOME TO THE QUEEN: HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVING AT THE MANSION HOUSE ON MAY 19 TO ATTEND THE LUNCHEON GIVEN IN THEIR HONOUR BY THE LORD MAYOR AND CORPORATION.

Our photograph shows the impressive scene on May 19 as the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Mansion House, in the City of London, to attend the luncheon given in their honour by the Lord Mayor and Corporation. It was the Queen's first public engagement after her return from the Commonwealth tour and she was received with great enthusiasm at all stages of the drive from Buckingham Palace. The sun shone down on the glittering scene as her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh drove in a State landau, accompanied by a Sovereign's

Escort of Household Cavalry. At Temple Bar the Queen stopped for the ancient ceremony of the Sovereign receiving the Pearl Sword from the Lord Mayor. A photograph of this scene appears elsewhere in this issue. Outside the Mansion House the Queen, a gracious and charming figure in green, with hat to match, and a mink wrap over her shoulders, inspected a guard of honour mounted by the Honourable Artillery Company. The Duke of Edinburgh wore the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, with the blue Ribbon of the Garter.



A HISTORIC MOMENT AT THE MANSION HOUSE LUNCHEON TO CELEBRATE THE RETURN HOME OF THE QUEEN: HER MAJESTY DRINKING THE CIVIC TOAST FROM THE SILVER-GILT "QUEEN'S CUP."

The Queen honoured the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London by attending a luncheon at the Mansion House on May 19 to celebrate her return home. It was held in the Egyptian Room of the Mansion House, as Guildhall is undergoing bomb damage repairs. The Queen said, in her admirable speech, that she wanted to remind the company "with all the power at my command" that Britain did not stand alone; that the efforts of the people at home "do not pass unnoticed or

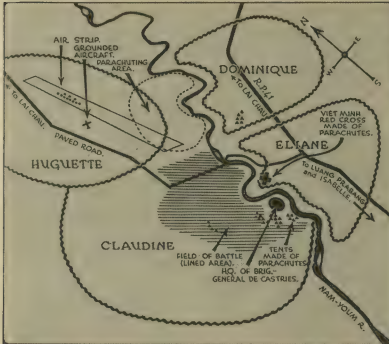
unadmired"; and that "you do not—and I know you never will—lack the friendly comradeship of the other nations of our Commonwealth family." She had earlier referred to the many lands she and the Duke had visited, and spoken of the "enthraling and agreeable" visits of the Tour, and her gratitude to their hosts; and added that neither she nor her husband would ever forget London's welcome back. After the Lord Mayor had proposed the toast of

"The Queen," at her Majesty's command the Common Cryer gave the toast, "The Lord Mayor and Corporation of London," and she drank from the silver-gilt "Queen's Cup" designed by Professor R. Y. Goodden, which was commissioned last year by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths to commemorate the Coronation. This carries on the tradition of Queen Elizabeth I's Coronation Cup, also in the Goldsmiths' Company's possession, for after that sovereign had drunk from

it at her Coronation banquet in 1558 she presented it to the then Prime Warden of the Worshipful Company as his fee cup for acting as butler. In our photograph Sir Noel Bowater, the Lord Mayor, is standing to the left of the Queen, with, beyond him (left), the Queen Mother and then the Archbishop of Canterbury. To the right of the Queen are (l. to r.) the Duke of Edinburgh, the Lady Mayoress, the Duke of Gloucester, Princess Margaret and Sir Winston Churchill.

THE SILENT BATTLEFIELD OF DIEN BIEN PHU:

AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING THE THOUSANDS OF PARACHUTES WHICH DOT THE SCENE, SOME NOW USED AS TENTS AND SIGNALS BY THE VIET MINH COMMUNISTS.



A MAP CORRESPONDING TO THE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH ON THE RIGHT, SHOWING THE VARIOUS DEFENSIVE POSITIONS, THE SCENE OF GENERAL DE CASTRIES' LAST STAND, AND THE RED CROSS SIGNAL MADE OF PARACHUTES.

ON May 11, three days after the fall in the early hours of May 8 of "Isabelle," the last French strong-point at Dien Bien Phu, it was learnt that the Viet Minh High Command had agreed to discuss the evacuation of the French Union wounded from the scene of the battle. On May 13 a French negotiating mission, headed by a civilian doctor from Hanoi, Professor Huard, flew from Hanoi to Luang Prabang and thence by helicopter to Dien Bien Phu. At Dien Bien Phu the Communists were making use of the thousands of parachutes which litter the battlefield: some were being used as tents, others to form a Red Cross aerial signal, and others were being torn up to make bandages. Agreement was reached on the evacuation of some of the wounded, these being chosen by the Viet Minh, who are said to have requested the French to stop parachuting medical supplies and food, which, they said, were often falling within minefields. The airstrip was stated to be severely damaged and usable only by helicopters and by light aircraft in one corner only. On May 14 sixteen wounded were evacuated. On May 16 the French High Command reported that they were not satisfied with the arrangements, and on May 17 it was stated that the Communists were giving daily indoctrination lessons to the French Union wounded. About this time it was learnt that Mlle. Genevieve de Calard, the only woman nurse at Dien Bien Phu, was safe and unhurt. One of the Communist conditions for the evacuation had been that the French should cease to bomb Route 41, and this was at first done, but on May 17 the French informed the Communists that since the Viet Minh were again using Route 41 for military purposes, the bombing of it would be resumed and the evacuation of the wounded suspended. On May 18 the French put forward further proposals, and the Viet Minh unexpectedly released nineteen more wounded. On May 19 it was learnt that the Viet Minh were prepared to release Mlle. de Calard with the wounded, but it was also reported that she had declared that she would fly out with the last load of wounded and not before.



MME. DE CASTRIES, THE WIFE OF THE CAPTURED COMMANDER OF DIEN BIEN PHU, READING THE GENERAL'S LAST LETTER, AT HANOI, WHERE SHE WAS AWAITING NEWS FROM HIM. BEFORE HER LIE TELEGRAMS OF SYMPATHY.





AN INTERIOR VIEW OF GIBRALTAR'S GIFT TO PRINCESS ANNE: THE DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM, NO. 1 BEDROOM, BATHROOM AND CORRIDOR OF THE DOLL'S-HOUSE.



A 9-FT.-LONG MODEL OF A SINGLE-STOREY HOUSE IN ANDALUSIAN STYLE: AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE DOLL'S-HOUSE GIVEN TO PRINCESS ANNE.



COMPLETELY FURNISHED IN MINIATURE: THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE DOLL'S-HOUSE, SHOWING THE FASCINATING DETAILS OF THE INTERIOR.



ALL READY FOR PRINCESS ANNE'S FAVOURITE DOLL: THE BEST BEDROOM IN THE DELIGHTFUL GREEN-TILED DOLL'S-HOUSE; NOTE THE FUR RUGS ON THE FLOOR.

GIBRALTAR'S GIFTS TO THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE.

DURING the Royal visit to Gibraltar the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne were presented with magnificent gifts subscribed for by the people of the Colony and made locally. The presentation was made informally in the office of Rear-Admiral Currey, Flag Officer, Gibraltar, and the children's excited acceptance was one of the most delightful incidents of the visit. Princess Anne was given a magnificent doll's-house of Andalusian design locally designed and built, and measuring over 9 ft. in length including the garden, with the house standing 2½ ft. above its grounds. It is little wonder that Princess Anne was clearly overjoyed with her present, for the house is furnished to scale in every detail. The library has miniature books, the kitchen has checked tea-towels, and the needs of even the most exacting doll has been envisaged, even down to a miniature ashtray in the drawing-room. The house is wired for electricity throughout, the fireplace lighting up with a rosy glow; and the bathroom floor is decorated with sea creatures. Nothing is lacking—from the fur rugs on the bedroom floor to the pictures hanging on the drawing-room walls—to make this an ideal house both for a doll and a Princess. The Duke of Cornwall was equally thrilled with his present of a scale model of the Rock of Gibraltar and the three trains which go round it. The model, which is 14 ft. long and nearly 7 ft. high, was made in an Army workshop in Gibraltar.



GIBRALTAR'S GIFT TO THE DUKE OF CORNWALL: A SCALE MODEL OF THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, WITH ITS MODEL RAILWAY. IT WAS MADE IN AN ARMY WORKSHOP AND IS 14 FT. LONG AND NEARLY 7 FT. HIGH.

THE PALÆOLITHIC HUNTERS OF CENTRAL AFRICA SOME 100,000 YEARS AGO: THEIR TOOLS AND CAMP SITES RECENTLY DISCOVERED NEAR LAKE TANGANYIKA.

By DR. J. DESMOND CLARK, F.S.A., Curator of the Rhodes-Livingstone Museum, Livingstone; and Secretary to the Northern Rhodesia National Monuments Commission.

(Figs. 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 11 are from photographs by Dr. Clark; Fig. 6 by Mr. N. J. van Warmelo; and Figs. 3, 9, 10, 12, 13 and 14 by courtesy of the Northern Rhodesia Information Department.)

THE territorial boundary between Northern Rhodesia and Tanganyika at its western end is the Kalambo River, a small, sluggish and muddy stream notable only on account of its remarkable waterfall, which, although not wide, is one of the highest in Africa and ranks amongst the highest waterfalls in the world (Figs. 2 and 3). The water plunges over a sheer cliff 702 ft. high into a dark and eerie gorge through which the river runs, to empty itself into the deepest of the Great Rift Valley Lakes—Lake Tanganyika. The view from the top of the fall is magnificent and is made all the more impressive by the manoeuvrings of the marabou storks which

discovered these old lake-beds and found that they contained some remarkable prehistoric remains. The best exposures were found on the Northern Rhodesian bank, where the river had cut almost vertical sections on the outside of meanders. Here, only a short distance above the Falls, the lower levels of the lake deposits are well exposed. Lying at low water, only a few feet above the level of the river (Fig. 7), and being covered presumably at times of flood, these beds had preserved in a semi- or completely waterlogged condition ever since the Upper Pleistocene a number of partially-carbonised tree-trunks (Fig. 4). The trees were on an average a foot or more in diameter, with fairly straight boles. The wood has rather the appearance of bog oak and is, of course, quite soft when first uncovered, though if left exposed to the air when drying out it gradually splits up, hardens and warps badly. The logs lay mostly in a black clay layer, which has been found to be rich in well-preserved fossil pollen remains of grasses and other tropical vegetation. These pollens have been identified by Dr. E. M. van Zinderen Bakker, of the University of the Orange Free State. The final clue to the vegetation in these parts at the beginning of the Gamblian Pluvial lies in the percentage of pollens of tropical plants and trees that have not yet been identified, but the presence of the grass pollens, which total some 27·30%, indicates that the vegetation at that time must have been fairly open, while the pollen of *Cyperaceæ* probably originated from the swamp vegetation occurring in places round the edges of the lake.

In direct association with these "fossil trees," however, we found a series of five living or

of sand and fine gravel on which the Early Men chose to camp, and it would appear from the quantity of cultural material on nearly all of the successive floors that this was a favourite camping-place.

These five camping-floors (Figs. 4, 5, 6, 8) gave us a complete evolutionary development out of the Early into the Middle Stone Age, such as has never before been demonstrated so clearly in Rhodesia. We were able to expose most of the floors and to photograph the stone implements exactly as they were left by their makers several thousands of years ago. One could see the unusual profusion in which the tools lay on these floors: hand-axes and cleavers for cutting and chopping, most probably for meat; crude picks for heavy woodworking, and the more refined and delicate flake tools used for cutting and scraping. All these lay just as they had been discarded, together with the stone anvils surrounded by the flakings and chippings which resulted from the manufacture of the stone tools, the cores from which they were made, and the hammer-stones with which they were sometimes struck. The raw materials most favoured were chert, quartzite, and a fine-grained silicified sandstone, and the specimens were mostly in mint condition. No bone was preserved—due, no doubt, to the peat acids in the deposit, which would be unfavourable to the preservation of bone.

The lower two floors lay in direct association with the tree-trunks and were separated by approximately a foot of silt and gravels. Only a small area of Floor 1 was uncovered, but besides hand-axes it yielded some very interesting flake tools—"points" and side-scrapers which exhibit a characteristic step-flaking thought to result from working hardish wood (Fig. 9). Most of these flake tools would not be in any way out of place in the Acheulian Culture of Western Europe.

The second floor yielded a preponderance of hand-axes and cleavers, some of the latter of large size, as well as a few of the delicate side-scrapers noted in the bottom floor (Fig. 10). In addition, however, there was found a large and well-made example of a triangular-sectioned pick, crudish discs and one example of what appears to be a prototype of the small prepared core.

Floor 3, which lay 2 ft. above the second floor, did not contain as much as those above or below, but two typical cleavers were found and several flake tools, including side-scrapers (Fig. 12). In addition small discs or, as we may now call them, discoidal prepared cores, several blade cores, and pebble choppers occur. Figured also are fine, typical thin flakes that have been knocked off in the course of making hand-axes or cleavers by the cylinder hammer technique, for which it is probable that a wooden baton was used as the fabricating tool.

The tools on these lower three floors, on typological grounds, could all be included in the later part of the Acheulian phase of the Hand-axe, or Chelles-Acheul, Culture, and if found on a surface site they would have been placed without any hesitation in position at the end of the Middle Pleistocene, Kanjeran Pluvial. If such were the position of the lower floors at Kalambo, however, it is inconceivable that the major stratigraphical break resulting from the Last Interpluvial should not be clearly seen. The presence of these tools, however, at Kalambo,

lying directly below Floors 4 and 5 with no stratigraphical break of any magnitude between them, suggests that on this high plateau country bordering the Tanganyika Rift the final stages of the Chelles-Acheul Culture probably persisted into and through the dry interpluvial at the end of the Middle into the beginning of the Upper Pleistocene, when the culture began to undergo a transformation due in great measure to the changed ecological conditions. Thus it may even be that the southern highlands of Tanganyika formed

[Continued overleaf.]

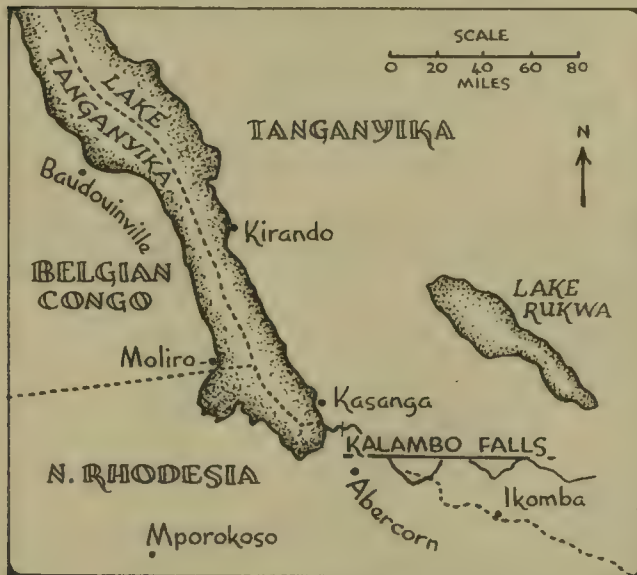


FIG. 2. A MAP SHOWING THE LOCATION OF DR. CLARK'S EXCAVATIONS—AT KALAMBO FALLS, WHERE NORTHERN RHODESIA AND TANGANYIKA MEET AT THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF LAKE TANGANYIKA.

float upon the air currents pushing upwards from the gorge and breed on inaccessible ledges in the rocky sides, and by the very clear exposures of the folded quartzite rocks through which the gorge has been cut.

Above the falls the river winds with many meanders through a broad, open valley (Fig. 1), on an average some three miles wide and six miles long, bounded by steep hills, which at the upper end of the valley crowd in upon it and constrict the river into a narrow bed.

This valley had been filled during the Upper Pleistocene, and perhaps before that, by a small lake which must have been rather of the nature of Lake Chila, just outside the present town of Abercorn. The lake was perched high above the level of Lake Tanganyika and retained there only by the comparatively narrow line of hills bordering the edge of the Rift on this side. In the basin of this former "Kalambo Lake" had accumulated as much as 70 ft. and more of old lake-beds, consisting of alternating beds of clays, silts, sands, grits and fine gravels, which are an indication of minor fluctuations, due to climatic and other causes, in the steadily rising waters of the lake. During the earlier part of the Upper Pleistocene the dry climate of the Last Interpluvial had gradually given way to the wetter conditions marking the commencement of the Last, or Gamblian, Pluvial which at its peak had caused the lake to rise more than 70 ft. above its lower level (Fig. 1). The outlet from this lake was by way of the spillway at the gorge. As the level of the lake rose, the erosive force of the water draining from it was increased until, at the height of the Gamblian Pluvial as far as can be judged at present, the water succeeded in cutting its way back through the narrow ridge of hills which retained the lake at this point, with the result that the lake was suddenly drained, and a river took its place. The old lake-beds were cut into by deep gully and sheet erosion and were largely removed from the central part of the valley. Nearer the edges, however, the torrent gravel and red alluvium of this erosion phase can be seen filling old gullies cut in the fine-grained sediments of the old lake (Fig. 8).

During October 1953 fieldwork undertaken by the Rhodes-Livingstone Museum, Livingstone, and the Northern Rhodesia National Monuments Commission



FIG. 3. THE LOVELY KALAMBO FALLS—AMONG THE HIGHEST IN THE WORLD. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS HOW THE RIVER CUT THROUGH THE QUARTZITE WALL OF THE GREAT RIFT VALLEY AND SO DRAINED THE WATERS OF THE OLD LAKE.

camping floors of Early Man, each floor one above the other and separated by silt, sands, grits and fine gravels which were deposited by the rising lake (Fig. 7). The place where these floors were found must have been quite near, if not immediately on the shore of, the old lake. Some few hundred yards nearer the edge of the valley a low, flat ridge of rock outcrops, and it can be seen how this must have given easy access to the lake at this point, the distance between the ridge and the water being taken up by stretches or banks

ABOVE KALAMBO FALLS: CAMP SITES OF PREHISTORIC AFRICANS OVER MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 4. SHOWING A PARTIALLY-CARBONISED LOG, PRESERVED IN A SEMI-WATER-LOGGED CONDITION FROM UPPER PLEISTOCENE TIMES. HERE THE EARLIEST CAMPING FLOOR 1 IS LAID BARE.

Continued.]

While hand-axes were fairly common and a few cleavers also occurred, the number of picks and pebble choppers had greatly increased and had taken the forms found with the woodland or forest Sangoan Culture, which is believed to have spread from the equatorial regions of the Congo Basin at this time. Associated with the tools, however, are numbers of finely-made flake tools and blades which have been worked into various forms of scraper and simple points, or used for cutting. The flakes were not infrequently struck from well-made prepared

[Continued opposite.]

(RIGHT.) FIG. 6. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE WEALTH OF STONE TOOLS, ANVILS AND DÉBRIS EXPOSED AT FLOOR 4; (LEFT, NEAR THE TROWEL) IS FLOOR 2, WITH PIECES OF CARBONISED WOOD.



FIG. 7. WHERE PREHISTORIC MAN CAMPED OVER THOUSANDS OF YEARS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MAIN SITE EXCAVATED, SHOWING ITS PROXIMITY TO THE WATERS OF THE KALAMBO RIVER.

Continued.]

with this site, however, lies in the preservation of wood with actual camping-floors of the Early Stone Age which never before, to the best of my knowledge, has been found in Africa and seldom even in Europe. As a result of the method developed by American atomic physicists of determining the age of a deposit or prehistoric

Continued from page 917.] one of the "retreat areas" for Hand-axe Man, in which he was able to preserve his traditional culture through the dry period until the onset of the Gamblian Pluvial allowed him to spread out into areas which had, during the Interpluvial, grown too inhospitable for continued "settlement." Floor 4 lay approximately a foot above Floor 3 and was separated from it by grits and fine gravels which were ferruginised in places. This floor yielded the greatest quantity of material, implements and factory débris lying packed closely together in considerable profusion (Fig. 13).

[Continued below, left.]



(ABOVE.) FIG. 5. IN THE FOREGROUND IS FLOOR 2, WITH STONE TOOLS LYING ON IT; THE STRATUM OF FLOOR 3 CAN BE SEEN AT THE 2-FT. LEVEL; ABOVE IS FLOOR 4, WITH MORE TOOLS.

Continued.]

cores of various forms. The uppermost floor, Floor 5, which lay about 4 to 5 ft. above the floor below, has not as yet yielded a fully representative series of tools, but seems to reflect the finer and smaller flake-tools of Floor 4, with a falling-off in the number and degree of finish of the heavier elements of the industry (Fig. 14). Typologically, therefore, while the industries from the lower three floors may be described as final or transitional Chelles-Acheul, that from the fourth floor is a local form of Fauresmith, while that from the fifth floor may be a final Fauresmith or else the beginning of the local Middle Stone Age proper. The particular interest connected

[Continued below, left.]



FIG. 8. HERE THE EARLY GAMBILIAN LAKE LEVELS WERE CUT BY LATER TORRENTS IN LATER GAMBILIAN TIMES AND MORE RECENTLY. THE FIGURE (LEFT) POINTS TO THE HORIZON OF FLOOR 5, THAT ON THE RIGHT TO THAT OF FLOOR 4.

culture from radio-active carbon, it should be possible to obtain an absolute date in terms of years for the end of the Early Stone Age in this part of Central Africa and for the beginning of the Gamblian Pluvial here. [Dr. K. P. Oakley, of the Natural History Museum, remarks on this point that samples of peat from deposits

[Continued opposite]



FIG. 9. (ABOVE) THE STONE TOOLS OF THE EARLIEST KALAMBO MAN—ALL FROM FLOOR 1. (ABOVE) TWO HAND-AXES, A BLADE-CORE AND A DISC; (CENTRE) TWO "POINTS"; AND (BELOW) FOUR SIDE-SCRAPERS. EARLY STONE AGE.

Continued.]
of about the same age at Florisbad, O.F.S., have recently been dated by Dr. W. F. Libby as being more than 41,000 years old.] The evidence for the ecological conditions to be obtained from pollen analysis and a determination of the trees represented, strengthened by a study of the functional nature of the stone implements, supports the belief that the makers of the later stages of the Hand-axe, or Chelles-Acheul, Culture lived in open parkland or grassland country rather than in forest. Besides this valuable evidence there is at the Kalambo site the possibility when further excavations are carried out of actually finding wooden tools and weapons preserved. We were fortunate enough to find two pieces of wood (Fig. 11): one a crudely-pointed, stoutish fragment about 18 ins. long which may have been used by Hand-axe Man as a stake for digging, and a smaller fragment which appears to be the pointed end of a [Continued below, left.]



FIG. 11. OF THE SAME AGE AS THE STONE TOOLS OF FIG. 10: TWO POINTED FRAGMENTS OF PARTIALLY CARBONISED WOOD WHICH ARE THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN USED BY KALAMBO MAN AS TOOLS.



FIG. 10. THE TYPICAL STONE TOOLS OF FLOOR 2. FOUR HAND-AXES, THREE OF THEM LARGE; WITH (BELOW) TWO DELICATE SIDE-SCRAPERS. (ABOVE, RIGHT) WHAT IS THOUGHT TO BE A PROTOTYPE FOR THE PREPARED DISC CORE.



FIG. 12. FROM FLOOR 3: TWO LARGE CLEAVERS, WITH (BETWEEN THEM) A DISC AND BLADE CORE; (CENTRE) A PEBBLE CHOPPER AND TWO SIDE-SCRAPERS; AND (BELOW) FIVE FLAKES REMOVED IN MAKING CLEAVERS AND HAND-AXES.



FIG. 13. TOOLS FROM THE VERY RICH FLOOR 4. (ABOVE) HAND-AXES AND CLEAVERS; AND (BELOW) TWO PICKS, WITH, BETWEEN THEM, A POINTED BI-FACED TOOL AND A SMALL PEBBLE CHOPPER.



FIG. 14. FROM FLOOR 5 AND PROBABLY REPRESENTING THE MIDDLE STONE AGE: INCLUDING A PICK, PREPARED CORES, SCRAPERS, A UNI-FACED POINT AND SOME UTILISED FLAKES AND BLADES. THIS IS THE LATEST FLOOR.

THE DEVELOPING SKILLS OF PALÆOLITHIC MAN REVEALED IN THE SUCCESSIVE STONE AND WOOD TOOLS OF THE KALAMBO FALLS SITE.

Continued.]
similar instrument. Although these wooden fragments cannot be accepted at present as certain implements, as no clear evidence of cutting with a stone tool can be seen, the site nevertheless holds out high promise of the possibility of

finding what for Africa would be a unique discovery, some of the more perishable tools of the Early Stone Age the nature of which we have hitherto only been able to guess.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



WOODPECKERS' DRUMMING: STILL UNSOLVED?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IN my previous account of the drumming of woodpeckers (this page, March 27, 1954), I voiced the opinion shared by most ornithologists that the drumming, which forms part of the courtship display, was not vocal, but due to the bird's beak actually coming in contact with the trunk of a tree. From several letters received, giving graphic accounts of watching a woodpecker at close range, it is clear that the observer has been watching woodpeckers feeding and not drumming. In feeding or in excavating a nest hole in a trunk, chips of wood are always thrown to the ground. Moreover, in feeding, the beak is used deliberately as a pick. Others, however, deal definitively with the drumming, and in their disagreement with each other suggest that we may not yet have the final solution to this problem.

The first letter came from Mr. K. A. Bonnaud, of East Pakistan. He writes: "The house in which I am living has, like most buildings in this part of the world, a flat roof, on which, following the local practice, two tall bamboo poles are mounted about 30 ft. apart for the suspension of a radio aerial. Each pole is about 20 ft. long, with a butt diameter of about 4 ins., tapering to rather less than 3 ins. The poles are lashed securely to the roof balustrade at points 1 ft. and 4 ft. above their butt ends which rest firmly on the roof. The arrangement is in effect a rod mounted on a sounding-box. Whenever a woodpecker perches on either of these poles, the sound of its pecking or drumming is, to anyone listening in one of the rooms of the house, but particularly the room immediately below the pole, much magnified. The same drumming observed from anywhere else, from the ground outside, for instance, or from an adjoining wing of the building, is quite audible, clear and sharp, but bears no comparison to the volume of sound heard inside the house. The difference between the two is very much like that which would be produced by bouncing the end of a lead pencil on a table, compared with the actual roll on a drum. In fact, an incredulous visitor had to be led to a vantage point from which the woodpecker was visible, before he could be convinced of the source of the racket."

This seemed to me to be conclusive until I talked the matter over with a physicist, who suggested that even if the beak did not come in contact with the bamboo pole, but was sufficiently close to it to make the maximum use of it as a sounding-post, the likelihood is that the effect would be as great as Mr. Bonnaud has described. One or two other letters and comments also raised a doubt. For example, my friend Mr. Alfred G. Leutscher told me that after reading what I had previously said, he happened by chance to have a first-class view of the lesser spotted woodpecker in the act of drumming. He pointed out that "... the peculiar fact is that the drumming took place on the topmost branches of an elm-tree. These were about the thickness of a man's thumb, say 1 in. in diameter." He then asks: "Could such branches act as sounding-posts to produce so much noise?" By a coincidence, I myself had a very clear view of a great spotted woodpecker drumming two days later in a tall, decrepit poplar. The drumming was repeated as the bird travelled from the trunk along stout branches and up to the topmost slender branches. So far as I can recall, there was no change in the sound from the one to the other.

The one other letter on the quality of the notes produced came from Mr. D. H. Rowlands, of Creigiau, near Cardiff, who wrote as follows: "Last year, walking on a grass verge near this village, I came upon a green woodpecker with its back to me. It was near the top of a concrete fence-post on which it was apparently drumming. I distinctly saw its head vibrating, and the sound was not the usual hammer-on-wood but metallic, as one would expect on stone or concrete. This seems to indicate that the drumming is made by the beak, not in the bird's throat..." Presumably, as indeed I suggested in my first article, if the sounds were vocal and the post merely acted as a resonator, one would still have a metallic quality in the drumming performed on a concrete post. One would have thought that hammering on wood imposed a strain on the bird, but that hammering on concrete would have tended to jar the head unnaturally. Something of this sort was in the mind of Dr. Martin Sudeck, of Hamburg, who says: "... I formed my own theory on the drumming. The fact that the birds can stand

the impact of continuous drumming all through their life obviously without suffering any damage to their health is, I think, remarkable, and is the most interesting item of the whole problem. If, for instance, one could fasten a beak-like structure to a human head and induce that individual to imitate a woodpecker and let him strike at a tree-trunk repeatedly and rapidly and with gusto, that fellow would suffer from severe concussion of the brain in no time. Why is it that the woodpecker is evidently quite unperturbed by those awful impacts? Even if the amount of brain in a woodpecker is comparatively small, there must be in existence an ingenious equipment which prevents the brain of the bird from being damaged; perhaps there is a mechanism that may be compared to that of a recoilless gun. ... As to the regularity and the rapidity of the drumming—it may be possible that the contraction of the muscles concerned is of tetanic nature. The onset and interruption of the 'vibrations' are probably controlled by the bird's cerebrum while the rest is reflex action. Or it may be a clonus of the kind which can be, for instance, reproduced in a human foot in the presence of certain nervous lesions."

Sergeant A. Byrom, R.A.F., rather upholds Dr. Sudeck's ideas with his suggestion: "... it appears

before finding a spot to please him, I saw the performance at various angles. I had no glasses with me, but I do not think they could have improved my view. ... Anyway, for what it is worth, I had the strongest possible impression that at the time of the drumming the bird's entire body became a spring; that is, only the first impact was made as a voluntary muscular movement, the remaining eight or so being in the nature of bounces. For the first blow of each series the head was thrown right back, and thereafter each movement was shorter until at the end of a second or so the beak remained for a momentary but perceptible pause in contact with the wood. ... There was a marked appearance of intense muscular strain, and it seemed to me that the neck remained arched away from the wood, and the axis or fulcrum of movement was in the neighbourhood of the bird's feet. ... Is not the first blow, in fact, the loudest and does not the vibration grow both more rapid and less loud towards the end? It is terribly hard to be sure in such a short time. If this 'spring' or 'bounce' idea is at the bottom of it, it seems to me to explain the rapidity of the sounds satisfactorily; and one other fact has since seemed to support the theory. Most birds, even the monotonists such as cuckoos, chiffchaffs, and so on, show plenty of individuality in their performances; but, while the timbre of the drumming varies with the 'sounding-board,' the length of the 'drum,' as far as I can make out, does not, in the same species. If voluntary individual muscular movements were responsible, I should expect some performers to drum for longer at a time than others; whereas if there is simply a mechanical movement after the first blow, there will naturally be very little variation, such as there is being caused by the resilience of the wood. My bird, by the way, also did some ordinary tapping as he explored his branch, and the whole action was then quite different."

The finest spanner thrown into the works is from Mr. Kenneth Ford, writing from the Douglas House Sanatorium at Bournemouth. "There is a very tame and obliging lesser spotted woodpecker who frequents these grounds, and is quite prepared to give exhibitions to large audiences. ... I was able to observe him at a distance of about 15 ft. in very good light without interference of leaves or boughs, and from the side, so that all movements of the head were plainly visible. I should like to say also that my eyesight is very good. He gave me four sessions of drumming, each of a few seconds, and then dug for grubs on the same bough, which was of thickish dead oak. The difference in the technique of digging and drumming was so significant that I would like to describe both. When digging, the head was drawn back to its fullest extent and the blows delivered with obvious force. The interval between each was not too short for me to be able to count each blow. There was very little sound, and muffled at that. The beak struck the bough at right-angles. When drumming, the bird lowered the head to the bough and stretched it forward, laying the beak on or very close to the bough and at an angle of 45 deg. or less. The head was then vibrated very rapidly, being stretched stiffly forward all the time. This produced the drumming sound. The movements of the head were very small and very rapid, but clearly visible. I think the beak struck the bough, but the blows were very light. The whole performance reminded me of someone drumming with a table knife on a table. I am perfectly certain in my own mind that the resonance does not come from the object struck, but from the beak. The blows are too light to produce such a tone from solid timber. I can guarantee the accuracy of the foregoing; but I should like to speculate a little on why there is such remarkable resonance. Is it possible that the mandibles are held slightly apart and the drumming on the wood claps them together, so that they give the effect of a pair of super-high-speed castanets? I think I could make a working model to demonstrate the theory; I must try."

I must say that as a result of this correspondence, and of my reflections on it, I feel far from satisfied that the last word has been said on the problem, but as Mrs. Whitcomb, of Fulham, remarks: "If my 'budgies' can drum on the side of their cage, why shouldn't the woodpecker be able to do it mechanically on the trunk of a tree?"



THE MYSTERY OF THE WOODPECKER'S DRUMMING: A LESSER SPOTTED WOODPECKER SHOWN (LEFT) IN THE ATTITUDE OF DIGGING FOR GRUBS AND, AS SOME MAINTAIN, OF DRUMMING; AND (RIGHT) THE DRUMMING ATTITUDE AS SUGGESTED BY MR. KENNETH FORD IN A LETTER TO DR. BURTON WHICH HE QUOTES ON THIS PAGE.

Drawing by Jane Burton.

that one aspect of the matter has been overlooked. I am inclined to the view that the bird's beak can, and does, strike the trunk of the tree at the frequency mentioned, but I suggest that the drumming noise is caused by resonance of the cranium. This would account for a uniformity of sound over a wide range of trees young and old. The only way to prove this would be to carry out experimental drummings, using a woodpecker's skull, or a good imitation, on the end of a shaft."

Major W. Leckie-Ewing, of Arden, Dumbartonshire, has, however, no doubts in the matter. His observations are based upon the drumming of a great spotted woodpecker on a wooden plank leaning against a shed 5 to 6 ft. from his window. He has, therefore, been in the enviable position of watching the bird repeatedly, and, as he says: "... one could see his head vibrating. Afterwards I found that if one tapped rapidly on the plank with the uncut end of a pencil one produced an exactly similar sound."

Leaving aside the question of tapping with a pencil, and if my physicist friend is correct, this may be a doubtful test, I feel Major Leckie-Ewing will be interested in the comments sent to me by Mr. D. A. N. Asterley, of Crown East, near Worcester, who says: "... in March of last year a great spotted woodpecker flew into an oak-tree immediately above my head and started to drum. The range was about 20 ft., the light was perfect, and as the bird made several experiments

THE TESTING-GROUND OF THE BRITISH MOTOR INDUSTRY—AT LINDLEY, WARWICKSHIRE.



AT THE M.I.R.A. PROVING-GROUND NEAR NUNEATON: A SALOON CAR PASSING THROUGH THE SHALLOW WATER-SPLASH. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE CORRUGATED TRACK TO SIMULATE TROPICAL "WASH-BOARD" ROADS.



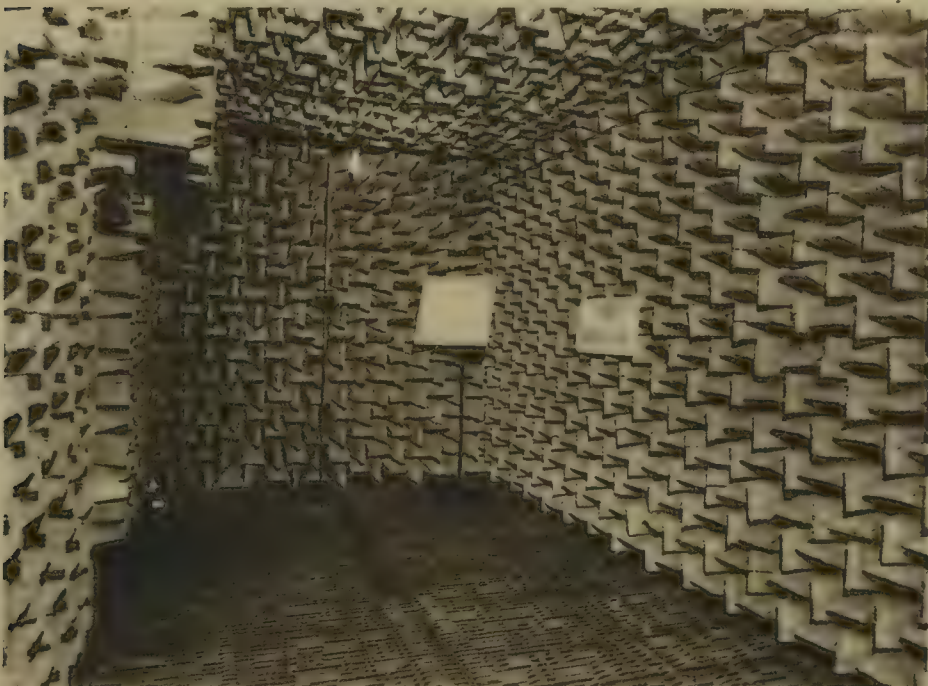
TO TEST THE EFFICIENCY OF A CAR'S BODY-SEALINGS: THE 200-FT. DUST-TUNNEL, IN WHICH CLOUDS OF WHITE CHINA-CLAY DUST PRODUCE THE SAME EFFECT AS THE SAND AND DUST OF THE DESERT.



A COACH CORNERING AT 70 M.P.H. ON ONE OF THE THREE STEEPLY-BANKED CORNERS OF THE THREE-MILE-LONG HIGH-SPEED TRACK. THIS IS NOT A RACING-TRACK BUT IS USED FOR TESTS OF SUSTAINED CONSTANT SPEEDS.



A MILITARY VEHICLE RUNNING THROUGH THE 4-FT. WADING TROUGH. THIS IS NORMALLY USED FOR TESTING PROTOTYPE MILITARY VEHICLES, BUT CAN BE USED AT LOWER WATER-LEVELS, FOR TESTING THE EFFECT OF WATER ON BRAKES.



THE "FREE FIELD" OR NOISE ROOM IN THE M.I.R.A. LABORATORIES AT LINDLEY, IN WARWICKSHIRE. ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL BASIC STUDIES AT THIS STATION IS THAT OF THE COMPLEX PROBLEMS OF NOISE IN CARS.



MR. LENNOX-BOYD (CENTRE) WITH DR. J. R. BRISTOW, RESEARCH MANAGER, AND MR. A. FOGG, DIRECTOR, IN A LABORATORY AT LINDLEY, EXAMINING A MACHINE USED FOR TESTING "BRAKE FADE" AT ELEVATED TEMPERATURES.

On May 21 Mr. A. T. Lennox-Boyd, Minister of Transport, opened at Lindley, near Nuneaton, the laboratory and testing-ground of the Motor Industry Research Association (M.I.R.A.). M.I.R.A. was formed in 1946 to undertake co-operative research for the motor industry of Great Britain and 900 firms subscribe two-thirds of its income, the remainder coming from the Government *via* the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. The new testing-ground has been built on a disused R.A.F. airfield of some 650 acres; and comprises laboratories and workshops and a fully-equipped proving-ground. Its programme is three-fold: basic

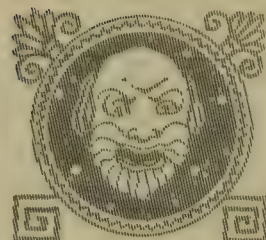
research; technical information; and testing facilities. The proving-grounds' main features include a high-speed circuit, three miles long with three steeply-banked bends, suitable for speeds up to 150 m.p.h.; a *pavé* track, copied from a bad Belgian road, 1½ miles long; a corrugated road, like a tropical "wash-board" road; a long-wave pitching track and associated with this a single bump and a single dip; a shallow water-splash to test the waterproofing of underparts of cars, and a wading trough; a dust-tunnel, for desert dust conditions; a steering-pad and a timing straight, one mile long; and a very rough cross-country track.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

WILD NATURE AND WILD ART.

By ALAN DENT.



A WITTY schoolmaster once reproved me for an over-sentimental dithyramb on the all-healing solaces of Nature by writing in the margin of my essay the single, caustic comment: "Tigers and glaciers, for example?" That was salutary. The same schoolmaster once opined—though it was in a private talk to me and not to the whole class—that when Tennyson wrote his stanza about Man

Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed.

it was probably just a direct result of seeing a blackbird chugging a long worm out of the lawn one morning at Freshwater.

What would Lord Tennyson have had to say about "The Living Desert"? Something more than a somewhat hysterically argued stanza in "In Memoriam," I am thinking. This is a gruelling experience, which only the cowardly will choose to miss. You are planked down in Death Valley, in the heart of the huge desert that extends from Oregon to Mexico, from California to Texas. You see some strange landscapes, some mirages, some obscure mud pots, and for a while no trace of life at all. Then you see a sandstorm, and out of the sandstorm and, as it were, as a result of its ruffling of Nature's countenance, you see the wildest and weirdest forms of life.

The following incidents happen, more or less, in this order. Some orange-scarlet scorpions emerge from behind a rock. Along comes a coyote or prairie-wolf which has developed immunity to the sting of the scorpion, which therefore is successfully attacked and eaten. This is a worthy aperitif to the horrible banquet. We are next in the midst of a flock of wild pigs or peccaries. They dread a huge tarantula-spider which we see emerging from its den. The peccaries vanish, and along glides a rattlesnake to have an indeterminate but ghastly fight with the tarantula. The rattlesnake glides off, and along comes a millipede to music suggesting an express train. (But the music is wittily chosen throughout and brings a desirable quality of superficial gaiety to the strange horrors we are beholding.)

The millipede has developed a habit of emitting an odour which puts the rattlesnake out of action. How else can naturalists explain that at this juncture

dies of sunstroke. One is duly turned over on his back. The other goes off after the waiting female with a gait which, for a tortoise, is a positive gallop.

Then we are back in the terrain of the scorpions at what is, presumably, the mating season, since we observe their jaunts and jollities to the tunes of an American square dance. An owl looks on with an extraordinary funny wriggle of the neck in perfect

thought-provoking. The film has been very oddly called "artificial." Yet in a pure sense it must be the most natural film ever made. The word meant was surely "factitious," since the film has obviously been made out of film something like a hundred times the length of what we see. It is an extremely competent job, in short, of cutting and editing. That recurrent rattlesnake, for example, is really a different rattlesnake every time. And that comical owl is wittingly not to the music of a square dance, but simply out of some habitual instinct which a cameraman had the infinite patience to capture.

Hopeful to get right away from the cruelties of nature and obtain solace in art, I travelled from "The Living Desert" to the new short film made of "The Drawings of Leonardo da Vinci." This is in many ways an admirable film, an appreciative but rather icy commentary by Michael Ayrton being spoken rather warmly by the voice of Sir Laurence Olivier. The drawings, largely those of the Windsor Collection, are shown helpfully enlarged, and the camera is deployed with loving attention.

But what have we here to refresh us after the ravine and slaughter of the Death Valley in Technicolor? We have weird, contorted forms of waves—"snarling entanglements of dragon-like cats" (in Mr. Ayrton's own words)—grim and ghastly old men's faces—agitated or furious horses—youth grown pale and spectre-thin. There are exquisitely beautiful things, too, as goes without saying—the face of St. Anne, the folds of the gown of a kneeling figure, the petals of a dying flower.

But wouldn't the value of the film be enhanced by a little more criticism, by some reflections on the fact that Leonardo, for all his indisputable genius, was rather drastically without humour? And is it very consistent, even in so almighty a man, for him to say at one point in his Notebooks that he considers warfare to be an "utterly beastly" thing, and yet at another point in his career to be offering to the Duke of Milan his

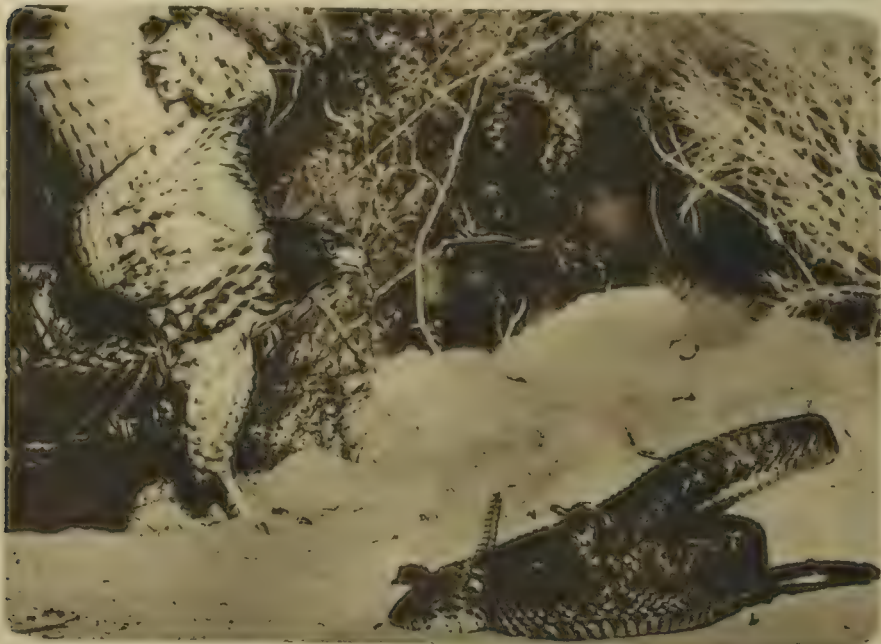
inventions in the shape of what we to-day would undoubtedly call tanks, mines, torpedoes, shells and even submarines?

Surely Leonardo has had, and goes on having, too many Hosannas? It is almost a relief to me to find that Samuel Butler in his Notebooks tells us how he once had the courage to criticise the archangel of painters and draughtsmen to two English connoisseurs in an inn at Ypres: "They did not like my talking



"YOU ARE PLANKED DOWN IN DEATH VALLEY, IN THE HEART OF THE HUGE DESERT THAT EXTENDS FROM OREGON TO MEXICO, FROM CALIFORNIA TO TEXAS . . . YOU SEE A SANDSTORM, AND OUT OF THE SANDSTORM AND, AS IT WERE, AS A RESULT OF ITS RUFFLING OF NATURE'S COUNTENANCE, YOU SEE THE WILDEST AND WEIRDEST FORMS OF LIFE": "THE LIVING DESERT," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH A KANGAROO RAT IS CONFRONTED BY THE SIDE-WINDER, A RATTLESNAKE, AND KICKS DUST IN ITS FACE TO DEFEND HER YOUNG.

time to the music. Now appears the most dramatic of all the film's reptiles—the horned rattlesnake, or side-winder, so-called because of its curious sidelong process of advancing or retreating. It is rebuffed by our odious friend, the tarantula, which, however, next meets its match in the shape of something called a pepsis-wasp, which seems to have built up an immunity to the tarantula's poison and knows how to pierce its enemy's one vulnerable point, the abdomen. The last



"THE LAST BATTLE IN THE WHOLE HOUR-LONG CARNAGE IS BETWEEN OUR NOW OVER-FAMILIAR FRIEND THE BLACK RATTLESNAKE AND A RED-TAILED HAWK, WHOSE LOOK OF TRIUMPH AFTER A FIERCE AND DRASTIC TUSSELE IS ALMOST THE ASTOUNDING FILM'S BEST SINGLE SHOT": "THE LIVING DESERT" (STUDIO ONE, MAY 14), A SCENE FROM WALT DISNEY'S FIRST FULL-FEATURE-LENGTH TRUE LIFE ADVENTURE IN TECHNICOLOR.

the rattlesnake winces and withdraws like a duchess confronted by a drunken navvy? A huge toad, though, with a wide smile that Sir John Tenniel would have drawn with gusto, appears to have no sense of smell whatever—at least, so far as millipedes go. It takes to the rattlesnake's obligatory leavings with relish and an almost audible smack of the lips.

Next waddles along a tortoise which would a-woosing go. But he has a rival for the lady tortoise's affections. The rivals fight. Each tries to turn the other over on his back, since a desert tortoise flat on his back rapidly

battle in the whole hour-long carnage is between our now over-familiar friend the black rattlesnake, and a red-tailed hawk, whose look of triumph after a fierce and drastic tussle is almost the astounding film's best single shot and, incidentally, is practically the last thing we see of the fauna in the desert.

The coda is floral. We see the various strange and lurid blossoms of the cactus opening, blooming, and wilting in quick, as distinct from slow, motion. And, in conclusion, the sun sets and the desert fades from sight. It is all very appalling and also very



THE END OF A DESERT BATTLE FOUGHT TO WIN THE FAVOUR OF A LADY: A SCENE FROM "THE LIVING DESERT," SHOWING ONE OF THE FIGHTING TORTOISES WHICH HAS SUCCEEDED IN TURNING HIS RIVAL OVER ON HIS BACK TO DIE OF SUNSTROKE. MR. DENT ENDS HIS DESCRIPTION OF THIS EPISODE BY SAYING THAT THE VICTORIOUS TORTOISE "GOES OFF AFTER THE WAITING FEMALE WITH A GAIT WHICH, FOR A TORTOISE, IS A POSITIVE GALLOP."

about Leonardo da Vinci as now succeeding, and now failing, just like other people. . . . As for his caricatures, he should not have done them; much less preserved them; the fact of his having set store by them was enough to show that there was a screw loose about him somewhere, and that he had no sense of humour."

And then, of course, as so happens with this spiritual father of Shaw, he wipes the grin off our face with a culminating and maddening piece of arrant nonsense: "Still, I admitted that I liked him better than I liked Michael Angelo."

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**FINE GAEL PARTY LEADER:
MR. JOHN COSTELLO.**

As a result of the General Election held in the Irish Republic on May 18, Mr. Costello's Fine Gael Party, with the support of other parties, gained a majority over Mr. de Valera's Fianna Fail party. As leader of Eire's second largest party, it is probable that Mr. Costello will now be elected Prime Minister.



**DIED: ON MAY 16, AGED 61:
DR. CLEMENS KRAUSS.**

Dr. Clemens Krauss, aged sixty-one, died in Mexico City. An excellent musician, he was Director of the Vienna State Opera, and later of the Berlin and the Bavarian State Operas. He visited London and conducted at Covent Garden; and last year at the Bayreuth Festival. He was a specialist in the music of Richard Strauss.



**DIED ON MAY 10: GEORGE HIRST,
THE ENGLAND CRICKETER.**

Generally regarded as the greatest all-round English cricketer since "W.G.," George Hirst was 82, and played regularly for Yorkshire from 1891 until 1921. In 1901 he made 1950 runs and took 183 wickets, and continued to achieve the "double" until 1913, establishing a record in 1906 with 2385 runs and 208 wickets.



**RESIDENT-GENERAL IN MOROCCO:
M. FRANCIS LACOSTE.**

M. Francis Lacoste, the permanent French representative to the United Nations, has been appointed Resident-General in Morocco in succession to General Guillaume. M. Lacoste, who is forty-eight, is a career diplomatist with first-hand knowledge of Moroccan affairs, having served in 1947 and 1948 at the Residency-General.



**NEW SALVATION ARMY GENERAL:
COMMISSIONER KITCHING.**

On May 11 the Salvation Army High Council elected Commissioner Wilfred Kitching, the British Commissioner since 1951, as their new General in succession to General Albert Orsborn. The new General has been leader of the Salvation Army's evangelistic work in England and Wales and has had forty years' service as an officer.



**SIGNING THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY BILL: PRESIDENT
EISENHOWER AT A CEREMONY IN THE WHITE HOUSE.**

On May 13 President Eisenhower signed the St. Lawrence Seaway Bill, paving the way for co-operation between Canada and the United States to open the Great Lakes to ocean-going ships of the world. Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce drawings of this project by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis.



**PRINCESS MARGARET AT PLYMOUTH:
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ADMIRING DRAKE'S DRUM.**

Before unveiling the extension to the Plymouth naval war memorial (see page 904), Princess Margaret unveiled a tablet commemorating the commencement of the rebuilding of the Plymouth Central Public Library, destroyed with 80,000 books by enemy action in 1941, and also visited the Drake Collection in the adjoining Art Gallery.



**CELEBRATING HIS EIGHTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY: CROWN PRINCE
RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA (LEFT) RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS.**

Our photograph shows Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, head of the former ruling House of Bavaria, receiving congratulations from students during a reception held in honour of his eighty-fifth birthday at Nymphenburg, outside Munich. Celebrations in honour of the Prince's birthday on May 18 lasted for ten days.



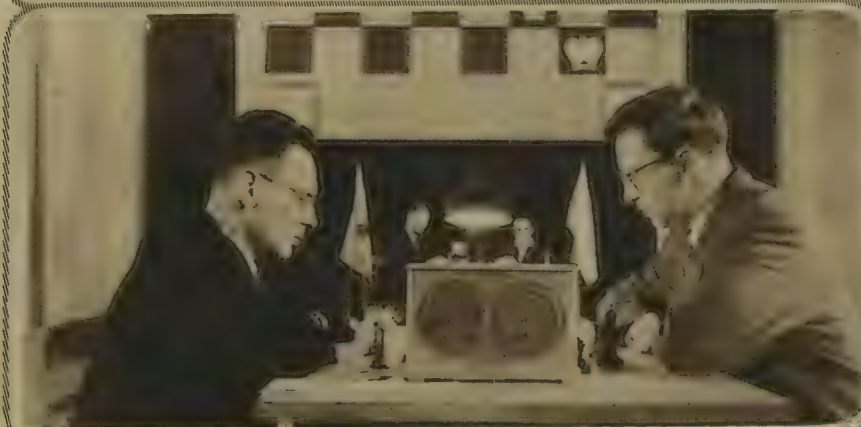
**HOLDING THE "MIRACLE MILE" TROPHY (RIGHT),
WHICH IS TO BEAR HIS NAME: ROGER BANNISTER.**

Before leaving New York on May 15, Roger Bannister, the first man to run a mile in under four minutes, received a smaller replica of the "Miracle Mile" trophy, re-named the "Roger Bannister" trophy. It will be competed for annually in the United States and awarded to America's fastest miler.



**THE NEW MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND: THE REV. E. D. JARVIS (LEFT).**

Our photograph shows the new Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the Rev. Ernest David Jarvis, D.D., Minister of Wellington Church, Glasgow, being congratulated on his election by the retiring Moderator, the Rt. Rev. Prof. James Pitt-Watson (right). The Rev. E. D. Jarvis was elected by the General Assembly on May 18.



**THE WORLD CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. BOTWINNIK (LEFT), WHO RETAINED HIS TITLE
AS WORLD CHAMPION, PLAYING HIS CHALLENGER, MR. SMYSLOV, IN MOSCOW.**

Mr. Mikhail Botvinnik, the world chess champion, retained his title on May 13, when he finished the twenty-fourth and last game of chess against his challenger, Mr. Vassily Smyslov, in Moscow, with the score level at 12 points all.



**AT THE ENTENTE CORDIALE JUBILEE LUNCH IN PARIS: MR. EDEN, M. LANIEL,
THE FRENCH PREMIER, AND M. BIDAULT, FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER.**

During Mr. Eden's six-hour visit to Paris en route to London from Geneva, he attended a lunch given by M. Bidault at the Quai d'Orsay to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Entente Cordiale at which Sir Gladwyn Jebb and the British Parliamentary Delegation were also present.



THE exhibition of scientific instruments of the past now to be seen at the Frank Partridge Galleries is so unusual and contains so many surprises for most of us, that it clearly demands rather detailed comment. At the same time, you and I, to whom astrolabes and azimuth dials are probably romantic and magical

dated astrolabe known is Persian and of the tenth century A.D., but astrolabes were used by the Arabs and Persians long before that time. From Spain and Sicily they spread over Europe, and remained in use until the middle of the seventeenth century." There are 153 instruments in the collection and "Most of them show a perfection in craftsmanship and design which was never equalled in later times. . . . In the same way as modern governments maintain observatories . . . and geodetic services, the rulers of former times employed astronomers and geometers, and sometimes placed the most accomplished artisans and precious materials at their disposal. The instruments which they designed and constructed are characteristic items in the princely inventories of the past." This is no place in which to explain how to use an astrolabe—there are twenty-two in the collection, from the thirteenth-century example of the illustration to one of 1790; for that I must refer you to the catalogue. I do, however, venture to record what must, I imagine, be a common experience—a feeling of wonder that at so early a period in man's search for knowledge he should have produced an instrument at once so nearly accurate, and at the same time so comely.

Naturally, as the centuries passed, greater accuracy became both desirable and possible, particularly after the invention of the telescope early in the seventeenth century, and it was then that the optical instrument-maker began to enjoy a special status as distinct from the goldsmith—indeed, one can say that his development ran on parallel lines with those of the watch- and clock-maker. But clocks and watches, as everyone knows, were expensive luxuries; moreover, they were by no means always reliable. Consequently, even if you owned a watch, it was a common-sense insurance to possess also something by which it could be checked; hence the popularity of little pocket sundials, of which there are a number in this collection and of the most varied types. I have room here for two, one of them

(Fig. 2) by a famous English maker about whom I should like more information, and for this reason. English industry benefited enormously by emigrants

from France, mainly, of course, Huguenots, who came here after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. This is a case in which the tide flowed in the opposite direction, for Butterfield, famous as a maker of pocket dials, and as English as his rustic name, went to France about the year 1677 and worked in Paris until his death in 1724. We are necessarily provided with the barest outline of his career in the catalogue notes, and from this it appears that the best Butterfield dials are of engraved silver, with the gnomon in the shape of a bird. The majority have an octagonal hour-plate, while those with oval plates are comparatively rare. While his name is attached to dials of this characteristic design, it seems that similar dials were popular in France before his arrival, and that he may have done no more than bring them to perfection. The one illustrated is 78 by 66 mm. So small an object is by no means easy to photograph satisfactorily, but a keen eye will be able to detect the outline of a small bird on the gnomon. This one, as several others, is signed "Butterfield à Paris." Date, about 1680.

The Diptych Dial of Fig. 3 is of ivory, 125 by 80 mm., bears the mark of the maker, Joseph Tucher, of Nuremberg, and dates from about 1620. The Nuremberg makers specialised in this hinged variety, either in metal or ivory. The dial of Fig. 4 is an azimuth dial of the sixteenth century, made at Munich of stone and gilded brass, indicating the hour by the azimuth of the sun. Diameter 170 mm.—and what a pretty conceit, the four prancing horses! Were I fortunate enough to own this, I must admit I shouldn't bother in the least whether I could tell the time by it, but in case our watches have stopped, Dr. Josten provides us with clear directions: "Curved hour-lines are drawn through the corresponding azimuths"—that is, the arc of the heavens extending from the zenith to the horizon, which it cuts at right angles—"the lines for 6 a.m., 12 noon and 6 p.m. being always straight, since the sun at these times is, throughout the year, due east, south and west, respectively. When the dial is set up with the 12 o'clock line in the meridian, the shadow of the gnomon marks the time on the appropriate hour-ring."

Armillary spheres, globes both terrestrial and celestial, equinoctial dials, nocturnals (used to find the solar time by night) and topographical instruments complete an exhibition which is surely as fascinating for the layman as it must be for the man of science. A few miscellaneous items at the end of the catalogue include a French-made pantograph of about 1740, a precursor (in ebony and gilded copper, in its box with accessories) of the modern instrument so familiar in engineering workshops, and—perhaps yet more intriguing—an astronomical pocket instrument-case from Augsburg, dated 1588, containing an astrolabe, a quadrant, a sundial, calculating tables, a weather-vane and a map of Central Europe. Armed with this, "Michelin Guides" and itineraries provided by Motoring Associations are obviously mere degenerate modern luxuries produced only for the incurably lazy.



FIG. 1. DESIGNED FOR THE GRAND MOSQUE OF TANGIERS: A HISPANO-MOORISH ASTROLABE OF BRONZE AND BRASS. THIRTEENTH CENTURY. (Diam. 7 1/5 ins. [183 mm.])

"The astrolabe is an astronomical and surveying instrument. Its invention has been attributed to Hipparchus (second century B.C.), though with little evidence. Its first unquestionable description appears about A.D. 500 in the writings of Philoponus of Alexandria." The astrolabe illustrated is identical with one made in 1224 by Muhammad ibn Futuh of Seville. "Like most Hispano-Moorish instruments, it is very plain, but its execution is impeccable."

musical-sounding words rather than practical astronomical instruments, are likely to approach these singularly beautiful objects with the wariness of a layman being shown an electronic brain. We are all liable to be a little shy of the unfamiliar and the apparently inexplicable, and for that reason I, for one, am more than grateful to Dr. C. H. Josten for his lucid explanatory notes in the catalogue, which are so nicely calculated to provide sufficient information to make this remarkable collection intelligible to the ignorant—without them we should wander forlorn in a mathematical wilderness.

The collection was originally formed by M. Henri Michel, of Brussels, who is a leading authority on the history of instruments, and it has now, with certain additions, passed to Mr. J. A. Billmeir. After the present exhibition it will go on temporary loan to the Science Museum at Oxford, of which Dr. Josten is Curator. The very name of astrolabe is mellifluous, and the thing itself (Fig. 1) is so pleasing an object that it passes the wit of man to decide at what point art ends and science begins; yet it was made for a purely practical purpose as an astronomical and surveying instrument, for measuring the altitude of the sun or of a fixed star, or, in surveying, for measuring heights and distances. Here I must quote Dr. Josten: "Its invention has been attributed to Hipparchus (second century B.C.), though with little evidence. Its first unquestionable description occurs about A.D. 500 in the writings of Philoponus of Alexandria. The earliest



FIG. 2. SHOWING THE GNOMON IN THE SHAPE OF A BIRD: A BUTTERFIELD DIAL (A HORIZONTAL SUNDIAL). SILVER. C. 1680. SIGNED Butterfield A Paris. (3 5/64 by 2 19/32 ins. [78 by 66 mm.])

Butterfield dials "are horizontal sundials of a characteristic design which derive their name from that of a famous English maker of pocket dials. He was born in 1635 and worked in France from about 1677, in Paris from 1685 till his death in 1724. It seems that similar dials were made in France for a short time before Butterfield's arrival, and he may, in fact, only have perfected them."



FIG. 3. A DIPTYCH DIAL OF IVORY, WITH THE MARK OF JOSEPH TUCHER—A BIRD. NUREMBERG, c. 1620. (4 15/16 by 3 5/32 ins. [125 by 80 mm.])

"Folding or diptych dials consist mostly of a horizontal and a vertical dial hinged together. They were executed either in metal or in ivory. The Nuremberg makers, who since the late sixteenth century specialised in this design, often included other types of sundial in the same instrument. . . ."

provides us with clear directions: "Curved hour-lines are drawn through the corresponding azimuths"—that is, the arc of the heavens extending from the zenith to the horizon, which it cuts at right angles—"the lines for 6 a.m., 12 noon and 6 p.m. being always straight, since the sun at these times is, throughout the year, due east, south and west, respectively. When the dial is set up with the 12 o'clock line in the meridian, the shadow of the gnomon marks the time on the appropriate hour-ring."



FIG. 4. OF STONE AND GILDED BRASS: AN AZIMUTH DIAL. MUNICH, SIXTEENTH CENTURY, UNSIGNED. (Diam. 6 11/16 ins. [170 mm.])

"Azimuth dials indicate the hour by the azimuth of the sun. In their simplest form they are horizontal dials bearing a number of concentric hour-rings marked with the azimuth angles for each month of the year. Curved hour-lines are drawn through the corresponding azimuths, the lines for 6 a.m., 12 noon and 6 p.m. being always straight, since the sun at these times is, throughout the year, due east, south and west, respectively. When the dial is set up with the 12 o'clock line in the meridian, the shadow of the gnomon marks the time on the appropriate hour-ring." Frank Davis points out the charm of "the pretty conceit" of the four prancing horses.

CIVIL, MILITARY, CHURCH AND STATE: TOPICAL SUBJECTS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



THE CEREMONY OF LAYING-UP THE SOVEREIGN'S STANDARDS OF THE LIFE GUARDS AND THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS: THE STANDARDS BEING CARRIED INTO THE GUARDS' CHAPEL, WELLINGTON BARRACKS, ON MAY 20.

The Duke of Gloucester and Major-General the Earl of Athlone, Colonel of The Life Guards, were present when the Sovereign's Standards of The Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards were laid up in the Guards' Chapel, still only temporarily repaired from flying-bomb damage. The Standards were



HANDING THE SOVEREIGN'S STANDARD OF THE BLUES TO THE CHAPLAIN TO THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE: LIEUT.-COLONEL D. DE C. SMILEY.

presented by George V. in 1927; the Queen presented new Standards to her Household Cavalry in April 1953. The Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards each have one Sovereign's Standard, carried only when the regiment is escorting the Sovereign on State occasions, and three Squadron Standards.



ON ITS WAY UP TO MORE THAN 22 MILES HIGH: A HUGE PLASTIC RESEARCH BALLOON, RELEASED AT MINNEAPOLIS. On May 18 the U.S. Office of Naval Research sent aloft a 200-ft.-diameter plastic balloon carrying recording instruments, in order to obtain data on cosmic rays and weather phenomena. After reaching a height between 117,000 and 122,000 ft., the balloon was automatically ripped and drifted down near Barinault, Minnesota.



AUGUSTUS JOHN'S PORTRAIT OF THE FIRST LORD LEVERHULME RESTORED AFTER THIRTY-THREE YEARS. When this portrait was first painted the sitter cut the head out and returned the remainder to the artist. The two pieces have now been re-joined by Dr. J. Hell, with what Sir Gerald Kelly described at the Academy banquet as "hellish ingenuity"; and the complete portrait is now exhibited at Burlington House.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN IN STAINED GLASS: A NEW CHURCH WINDOW FOR A SURREY CHURCH.

In an exhibition of ecclesiastical art at Rochester in connection with the 1350th anniversary celebrations of Rochester Cathedral, which the Queen Mother attended on May 18, was a window showing the Queen kneeling before the Paschal Lamb. This window, by Mr. T. Randall, is for Farningham Church, Surrey.



THE FIRST CIVIL AIRCRAFT TO VISIT CAPRI: AN AQUILA AIRWAYS FLYING-BOAT COMING IN AFTER TOUCHING-DOWN WITH PASSENGERS WHO INCLUDED MISS GRACIE FIELDS AND HER HUSBAND. THE REGULAR SERVICE FROM ENGLAND IS TO BE INAUGURATED ON JUNE 3 AND WILL AT FIRST BE FORTNIGHTLY.



GANGSTERS' GUNS GO OVERBOARD: MEMBERS OF CHICAGO'S POLICE FORCE PITCHING WEAPONS OF DIFFERENT KINDS CONFISCATED DURING THE PAST YEAR INTO THE DEPTHS OF LAKE MICHIGAN. THIS METHOD FOR THE DISPOSAL OF UNLAWFULLY-HELD WEAPONS HAS BEEN IN USE FOR TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS.



BEARING A GOLD PORTRAIT MEDALLION OF GEORGE IV. AS PRINCE OF WALES, BY T. WYON, JNR.: A TORTOISESHELL SNUFF-BOX. ENGLISH.



GIVEN TO QUEEN MARY BY KING GEORGE V., CHRISTMAS 1913: A SNUFF-BOX OF ENAMELLED GOLD, WITH MINIATURE PORTRAITS OF HER MAJESTY AND HIMSELF, SET IN DIAMOND FRAMES. LONDON 1913.



GIVEN TO QUEEN MARY BY KING GEORGE V. WHEN PRINCE OF WALES, IN 1908: AN ENAMEL PORTRAIT OF GEORGE IV., BY H. BONE (1755-1834).



CARRIED CUT IN SIBERIAN JADE (NEPHRITE), WITH GOLD MOUNTINGS: A MINIATURE GRAND PIANO, SHOWING THE KEYBOARD, BY FABERGÉ.



BEARING PORTRAIT MEDALLIONS OF GEORGE III., QUEEN CHARLOTTE AND OTHER PERSONAGES; A TEA-CADDY OF CEDARWOOD, WITH VENEER OF IVORY AND EBONY. ENGLISH c. 1818.



PRESENTED TO QUEEN MARY BY THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY: A JEWELLED MODEL OF A GALLEON DESIGNED BY SIR W. GOSCOMBE JOHN.



PRINCE RUPERT (1619-82), SON OF QUEEN ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA: A MINIATURE BY SAMUEL COOPER (1609-72).



A SWISS CLOCK IN THE FORM OF A BIRD IN A CAGE (FIRST HALF NINETEENTH CENTURY; RIGHT) AND A MUSICAL BOX IN THE FORM OF A HARP (EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY; LEFT). A SIXPENCE IS PLACED BETWEEN THESE OBJECTS TO INDICATE THEIR MINUTE SCALE.



GIVEN TO QUEEN MARY BY PRINCESS BEATRICE: A MUSICAL-BOX IN THE FORM OF A MINIATURE CROWN. (Reproduced facsimile size.)

QUEEN MARY'S MARLBOROUGH HOUSE COLLECTION: ROYAL GIFTS AND OTHER TREASURES WHICH BELONGED TO HER LATE MAJESTY, NOW ON VIEW AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

The Exhibition of Queen Mary's Art Treasures from Marlborough House, which has been arranged by gracious permission of her Majesty the Queen, was due to open at the Victoria and Albert Museum on May 26, and is of great historic, sentimental and artistic interest. Many thousands of men and women who loved and admired her late Majesty Queen Mary will welcome this unique opportunity of seeing the furniture and other objects of art, among which she spent the latter years of her life at Marlborough House. And it is particularly appropriate that this Exhibition should be held in the Victoria and Albert Museum, as Queen Mary was a regular visitor and always took an active interest in its work. The exhibits have been most carefully arranged in groups corresponding approximately to the rooms which originally housed them. On this page we reproduce photographs of some of the small works of art, a number of which have Royal associations, or were gifts from relatives of her Majesty Queen Mary. The tea-caddy of cedarwood, with veneer of ivory and ebony,

bearing portrait medallions of George III. and Queen Charlotte and other personages, was intended as a gift from Bath Corporation to Queen Charlotte; but she died before it was completed. The miniature gold and jewelled model of a galleon designed by Sir W. Goscombe John, R.A., was presented to Queen Mary by the Port of London Authority on the occasion of the opening of the Royal Albert Dock Extension by King George V. in 1921. The musical-box in the form of a Royal crown plays "God Save the Queen." It was given to Queen Victoria when Princess Victoria by the Duchess of Gordon; and she noted the event in her diary. Later, Queen Victoria gave it to Princess Beatrice, and her Royal Highness subsequently presented it to Queen Mary, who was particularly fond of miniature works of art. This remarkable Exhibition is to continue until the end of the year, and will be open daily from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and on Sundays from 2.30 p.m. to 6 p.m., admission 1s. Christmas Day is the only day until December 31 when it will be closed.

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BEARING A MINIATURE OF THE CZARINA ALEXANDRA OF RUSSIA: A FABERGÉ CARD-CASE OF GREEN LEATHER RICHLY MOUNTED IN GOLD.



AN EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF THE CELEBRATED "FATHER OF ENGLISH WATCHMAKING": A BRACKET CLOCK BY THOMAS TOMPION (1639-1713).



GIVEN BY CZAR NICHOLAS TO THE CZARINA AT EASTER 1914: A FABERGÉ EASTER EGG OF PLATINUM, GOLD AND DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS MATERIALS.



A MAGNIFICENT EXAMPLE OF MID-EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH FURNITURE: A SIDEBOARD FORMERLY AT ROKEBY HALL, ATTRIBUTED TO WILLIAM VILE (D. 1767), A LEADING CABINET-MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER WHO WORKED FOR THE CROWN, FROM THE EARLY YEARS OF GEORGE III.'S REIGN.



A MINOR MASTERPIECE: AN ÉTUI OF MEISSEN PORCELAIN IN THE FORM OF AN APPLE, MOUNTED IN GOLD, CONTAINING TOILET REQUISITES.



WITH THE MAIN LID RAISED TO SHOW THE WATCH IT CONTAINS: AN ÉTUI OF JASPER MOUNTED WITH GOLD AND SET WITH COLOURED PASTES.



WITH THE INNER LID RAISED TO SHOW THE ENAMEL PICTURE IT CONTAINS: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ÉTUI OF JASPER MOUNTED WITH GOLD. ENGLISH, LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE EXHIBITION OF QUEEN MARY'S ART TREASURES: A SELECTION FROM THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM DISPLAY.

The 4000 objects on view at the Exhibition of Queen Mary's Art Treasures, which was due to open on May 26 at the Victoria and Albert Museum, have been selected, with the benefit of advice from the Princess Royal, her daughter, from the collection formed by her late Majesty and housed at Marlborough House, where the latter years of her life were spent. Queen Mary's knowledge

of antiques and works of art was well known, and the current Exhibition affords a unique opportunity for members of the public to see valuable and beautiful objects which reflect the taste of one of the best-loved ladies of our Royal House. The Exhibition, which includes furniture, pictures, dresses, porcelain, small works of art, and photographs of Queen Mary, will continue until December 31.

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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT can be taken for granted that a novel about "ordinary people," which "does not resort to ostentation," yet in which every person and event mirrors some feature of an obscure period in a practically unknown country, is going to put the reader's mind under some strain. "Loves and Ambitions," by Herminia Naglerowa (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is the first volume of an historical trilogy. It has an introduction, which should on no account be skipped; and even so—and just because it is so subtle, natural, assimilated—it demands careful reading. For here we plunge into Galicia (the Austrian slice of Poland) in the year 1865—when, in the ostentatious sense, nothing was happening, yet not a bit less was going on. All short-term hopes of liberty had been snuffed out a couple of years earlier. The men of 1848 were finished. The émigrés were coming home to roost. Some of the noble class were now for limited autonomy under the Habsburgs. And in the towns, as revolution ebbed, there was a sudden economic drive, hobbled by want of funds and the necessity for string-pulling. These dimmish circumstances are revealed, not at a focal point, but in a little forest-town called Bory, on the Russian frontier, where nothing stands out but the castle—ruled by a former émigré, because the magnate is in Petersburg.

Yet, though we have to thread our way with care, it is not heavy going: not from the first moment of all when, in the first light of an autumn day, Stanislaw Krauze looks out of his bedroom window, and sees the puddles "rippling like tin." Then comes an early, short scene with his wife; and then he walks to business through the town, beneath the grass-grown walls of the castle, and past a black-and-yellow sentry-box, with a scrap of azure sky reflected in the soldier's bayonet. And by that time, the delicate immediacy of setting and the human atmosphere have one in thrall.

Krauze is a tycoon *in posse*, a projector born, but he has never had a chance. And though not unpatriotic in feeling, he cherishes a two-fold grudge against the activists. His father, Joseph Krauze—still living, jovial and unrepentant—gave his whole fortune to the Cause; and its chief hero married the one love of his life. He is being sapped by fruitless cravings to get on, and get back at Ladnowski, and there is nothing to make up for them but young Emilia, his delight and pride. Then suddenly the prospect opens. The burg-grave has a horror of going on his travels again; also he has a past, and the authorities know all about it. They are prepared to let him be, if he can charm the town and break up the Ladnowski faction. But though he has a bribe to offer in the hope of a new railway, somehow he can't get started, until his nephew Edward happens to meet Emilia in her father's shop. The young man puts him on to Krauze—and Stanislaw, fired by the chase of contracts and revenge, hardly perceives what they are costing till the wedding day.

Only the novel is more populous than that. It has two admirable crowd scenes—the burg-grave's New Year ball and the wet, miserable market; and above all, the tone is incommunicably pleasing.

OTHER FICTION

"Fiesta," by Prudencio de Pereda (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), has none of this appeal. It combines angularity with haze, epic and singular intent with a complete indifference to loose ends. And it comes out unluckily, close on the heels of a true epic, also about a Passion Play. The first was Greek, open and vast; this (as you may infer) is ultra-Spanish, and has a kind of mole-like, burrowing effect.

Although the hero, Ros is a New Yorker. But he is Spanish-born, and has returned a second time to his own village. Nothing seems changed; he can find no trace of the Civil War. Then, gradually, he comes to feel it everywhere. This tenth-year fiesta of Mozares is something new to Ros, and he can hardly make it out. Apparently it is some kind of Passion Play, and yet they don't rehearse, or even get their parts till the last moment. And the one, burning question is, who will be Christ? This time there are five candidates. Tomás, the frail, devoted little simpleton, has the best right; Leandro thinks he has the right, as a Falangist hero; and Blas, the local Red, who is in gaol, has been put forward by his mother. Ros, though increasingly repelled by the whole atmosphere, and by Tomás's abject zeal, offers to see him through. And thus he finds out, horribly, why they had no need to rehearse, and nothing mattered but the Christ.

There is a lot of woman-interest, too, but that is all left in the air. The manner is staccato and repetitive. There is an abrupt and ugly ending—but also, undeniably, strangeness and force.

"Adobe Walls," by W. R. Burnett (Macdonald; 9s. 6d.), is, we are told, "no ordinary Western novel." The tale is fiction, with a vein of documentary. For the last time, a band of Apache braves have streaked out of the settlement in Arizona, threatening fire and torture to the countryside. This should be the end of them as a war nation; but meanwhile they are well away, and almost impossible to get at. Regular soldiers are no use; it is a job for Walter Grein, the Chief of Scouts, who knows them thoroughly, and has their own powers of endurance. He has one friend—the cheerful drunk, Rebel Mackinnon; and he is filled with vain romantic yearning for the Colonel's wife, a petted beauty from the East. Thus the excitements of the hunt have a pathetic seasoning of human interest.

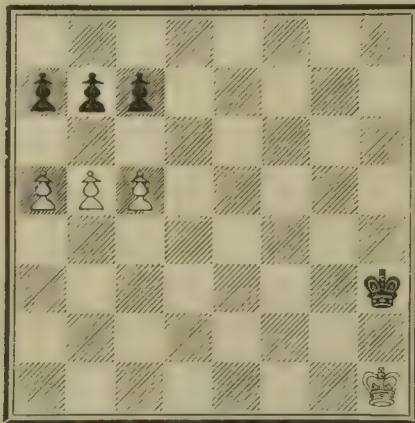
"Spinsters in Jeopardy," by Ngaio Marsh (Collins; 10s. 6d.), takes our friend Alleyn on a specious holiday to Roqueville, in the Alpes Maritimes, with Troy and their small son as cover. Close to their journey's end, through the one lighted window of a cliff-like and enormous house, they see a woman killed by somebody in a white robe. Then, further up the train, a lone Bermudian spinster called Miss Truebody bursts her appendix. That monstrous pile was the Chateau de la Chèvre d'Argent: it is supposed to be a nest of drug barons, and it contains the nearest medical aid. Alleyn can, therefore, beard it with a good excuse. And there, besides the drug racket, he finds a mystical and nasty set-up, known as the Children of the Sun in the Outer. . . . The story is as unbridled as the goings-on; it is an unexpected lapse, full of embarrassments, but in a shamefaced way rather enjoyable.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

FORCES are even in the first-diagrammed position this month. White's pawns are much further advanced, however; he can utilise this important factor to force one through.

Black.



White.

1. P-Kt6!

Black must capture now; a non-committal reply would allow White to capture either the rook's pawn or the bishop's pawn next move, and queen a pawn the move after that. So . . .

1. RP×P

2. P-B6!

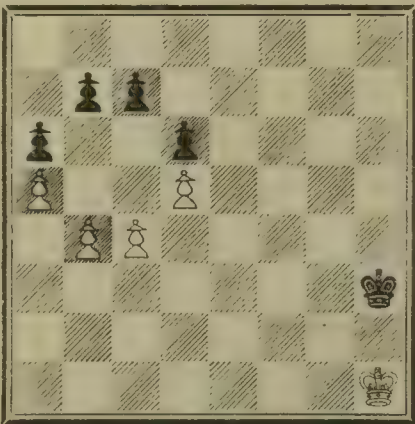
and—so soon—it is all over; 2. . . P×BP now would allow 3. P-R6, 4. P-R7 and 5. P-R8(Q) whilst 2. . . P×RP; 3. P×P followed by 4. P-Kt8(Q) would lose even more quickly.

Had Black's first move been 1. BP×P (instead of 1. RP×P), White would have replied 2. P-R6, winning by similar play.

A stock ending to any expert, this has special associations to me, for I was shown it by the late F. D. Yates, many times British champion, when I had cycled 250 miles to London to play chess at the famous old Gambit Rooms.

Here is a lesser-known expansion of the theme. If you'd like to have a shot at finding for yourself how White, to move, can win, cover this page below the diagram.

Black.



White.

White wins by 1. P-B5. As 1. . . P×P; 2. P×P would be bad, inviting 3. P-Q6 afterwards, a non-committal move is now Black's best chance. So 2. . . K-Kt5 but now comes 3. P-Kt5 and there is little more to do about it; our knowledge of the first-diagrammed position makes it easy to find the answer to 3. . . RP×P, for instance: 4. P-B6! And so on.

If you favoured 1. P-Kt5, don't worry! Either this or 1. P-B5 can come first, the other second.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

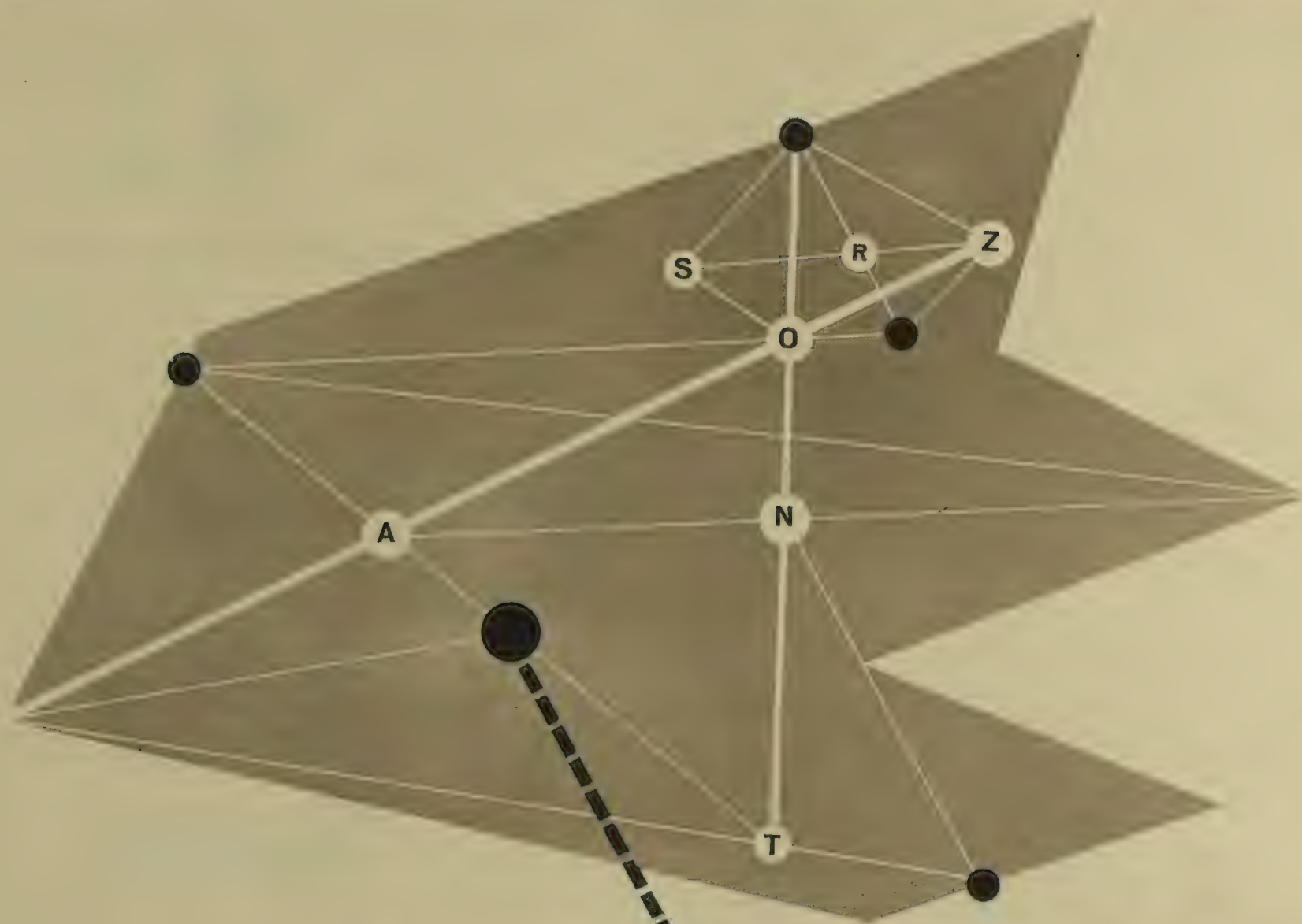
THE ADVENTURE OF LIVING.

ONE of the most delightful memories which I cherish is that of being present on the occasion when the late Lord Lloyd and Mr. Noël Coward were exchanging verbal felicities. Lunge, parry, recovery, riposte succeeded each other at such speed that a mere mortal might be forgiven for not being able to follow the clash and sparkle of two such keen wits and brilliant minds. I was pleased, therefore, to find in "Future Indefinite" (Heinemann; 21s.), the second volume of Mr. Noël Coward's autobiography, a moving tribute to his old friend and mine. "He was an Imperialist, in the best sense, because his passionate love of England and his unshakable belief in the British Empire was based on common sense. He taught me much in the fortunate years that I knew him, and I was aware then, in the trans-Pacific Clipper, faced with the fact of his sudden death, that if ever I did anything in my life to change his good opinion of me I should be very ashamed." In these words Mr. Coward sums up, I feel sure, the feelings of all those who were privileged to work for and enjoy the friendship of that great man. I have often noticed that authors possessed of the wit in conversation and in other forms of writing of Mr. Coward tend to write slightly "sprawly" autobiographies. Not that "Future Indefinite" is dull: nothing by or about Mr. Noël Coward could ever be that. But perhaps because it deals with the war years, or perhaps because it was clearly not a very happy period in Mr. Coward's life, he seems to have been attempting deliberately to play on muted strings. Mr. Coward, who was doing, as I know, an excellent war job, suffered greatly from an inquisitive and unkindly Press, and it is clear that his sensitive nature still reacts to the memory of the unkindnesses to which he was subjected. I think, perhaps, that is why I found this book less satisfying than the earlier volume. Mr. Coward, quite unnecessarily, gives the impression through a large part of it of being on the defensive. This has the effect of detracting slightly from the value, though not from the interest, of the book. I realise that it must have been exasperating and hurtful to have the *Daily Mirror* writing of his trip to America: "Mister Coward, with his stilted mannerisms, his clipped accents and his vast experience of the useless froth of society, may be making contacts with the American equivalents . . . but as a representative for democracy he is like a plate of caviare in a carmen's pull-up." I would suggest, however, that these attacks did not really matter then, and they certainly do not matter now. Mr. Coward carries his story down to VE-Day, and I, like many others of his admirers, will look forward to the next volume—less this unnecessary defensiveness.

The outline of the amazing story of Group-Captain Douglas Bader is well known. This indomitable airman, who was probably the finest fighter pilot and tactical commander in the air on either side in the last war, became a legend early in the Battle of Britain, because of the fact that his victories were achieved by a man who had lost both legs in an air crash some years before. "Reach for the Sky," by Paul Brickhill (Collins; 16s.), is the full story of his life by one who knows him well and who fought with him and shared imprisonment with him. It is an astonishing story of a character who, as Mr. Brickhill points out, was either loved or abominated. Douglas Bader seems to have been a rumbustious character from early youth, and one who was, as a schoolboy and as a young officer, as much a thorn in the side of authority as he became in the days of his later fame. Only a man of his temperament could have achieved the miracle of teaching himself to fly all over again, after the loss of his legs. Only a man of his temperament, too, could have made life so unhappy for his superior officers that in the end they gave him what he wanted, to the joy of those who served under him and the discomfort of the enemy. Although he had a good brain as a schoolboy, Bader is obviously the very opposite of an intellectual. He is the hearty of hearties, the type on whom a country relies to win its wars, but finds difficult in most cases to fit into a peacetime scheme of things. The effect on the morale of his fellow P.O.W.s of his constant and tireless attempts to escape must have been as great as those attempts, and his refusal to admit defeat must have been baffling to his German captors. Paul Brickhill was an ideal choice as the author of this book. Himself a man of action, he enables the reader to understand the mind of his subject, and, in addition, of course, gifted with a pen which carries the reader along excitedly and excitingly from the first page to the last. The description of the air fighting alone is as good as anything which has hitherto appeared in battle literature.

Mr. Percy N. Furber, the author of "I Took Chances" (Backus; 25s.), has chosen the apt sub-title "From Windjammer to Comet Jet." Mr. Furber, like Douglas Bader, is a man of action, who has used the world as his oyster. In his retirement and in his eighties, he has produced this exciting tale of personal adventure. He found in the writing that he realised for the first time that "from childhood I had never missed an opportunity of turning from a conventional course to follow one which promised adventure, excitement and experimentation wherever it chose to take me. I realise only now how great were the hazards I had taken and had accepted as a natural course of events." The story of his adventures carries one from his early days in the training-ship *Worcester* to mining and oil-drilling in Mexico. In that country he was the first man to drill for oil, and seems to have accepted the constant dangers inherent in such a revolutionary country with a calmness which must account in large measure for the respect in which he was held by such great Mexican leaders as Porfirio Diaz. Two excellent books for lovers of other than plain boiled, roast, baked are "The Gourmet Cook Book" (Hamish Hamilton; 70s.) and "Food in England," by Dorothy Hartley (Macdonald; 30s.). The bigger volume, which contains several hundred recipes from all over the world, is elegantly printed and garnished—if that is the right word—with colour photographs which make the mouth water. Miss Hartley, who has been writing on cookery since she published her first book at the age of seventeen, embellishes her useful work with many quaint historical conceits.

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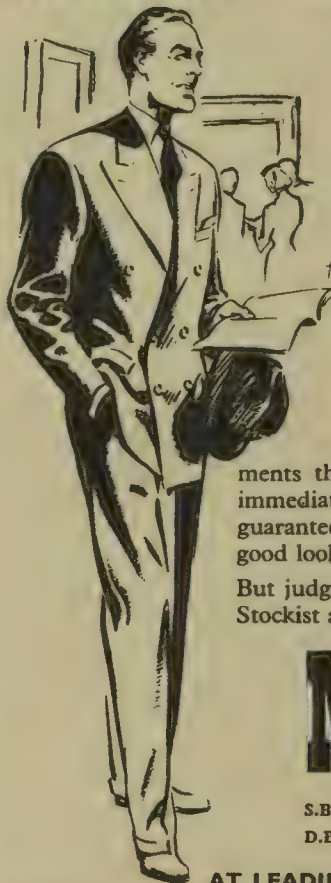
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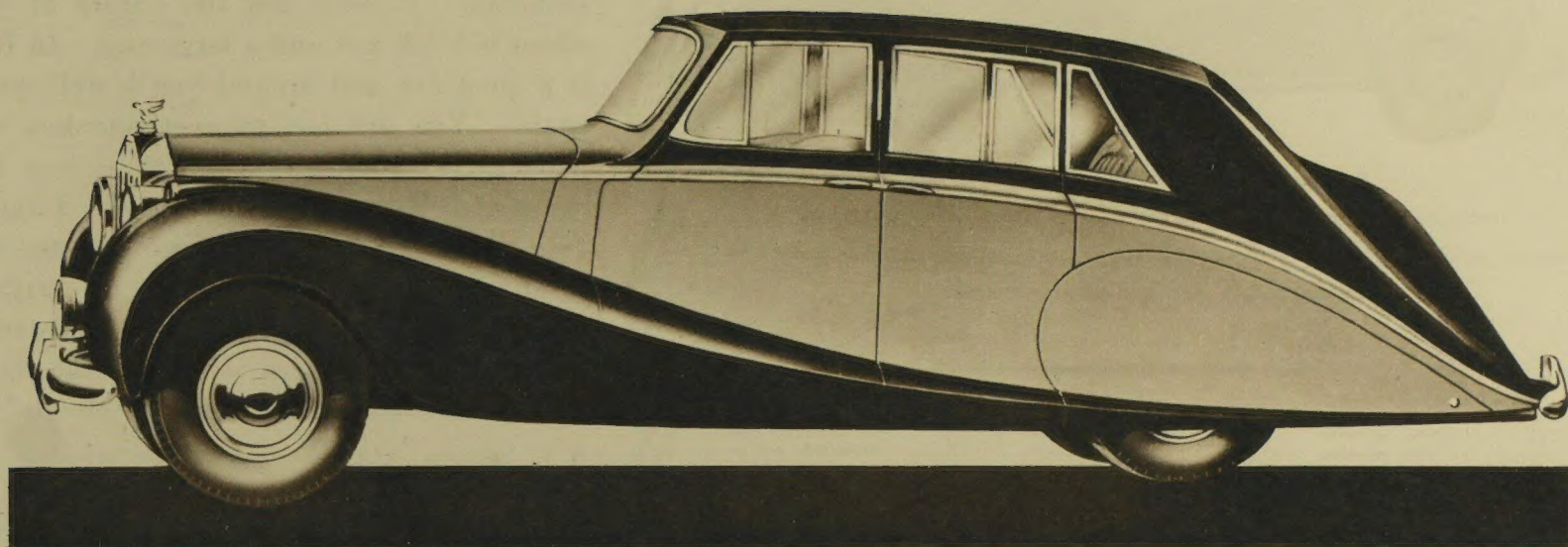
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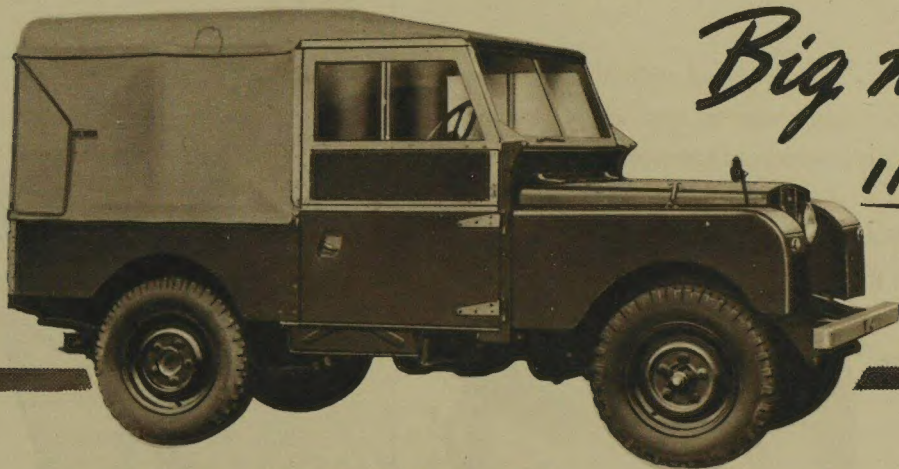
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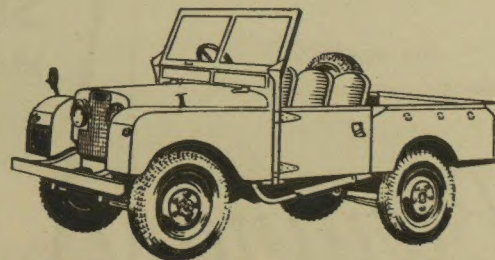
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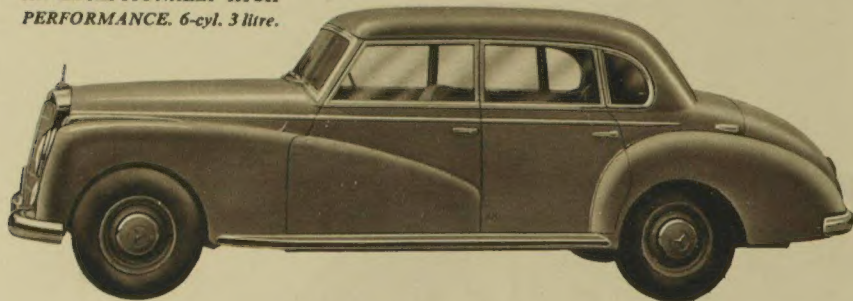
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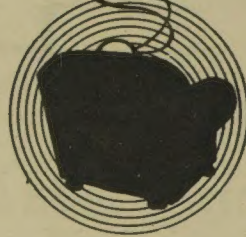
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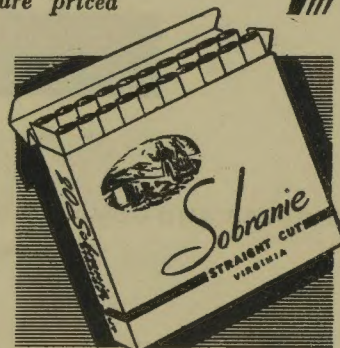
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